The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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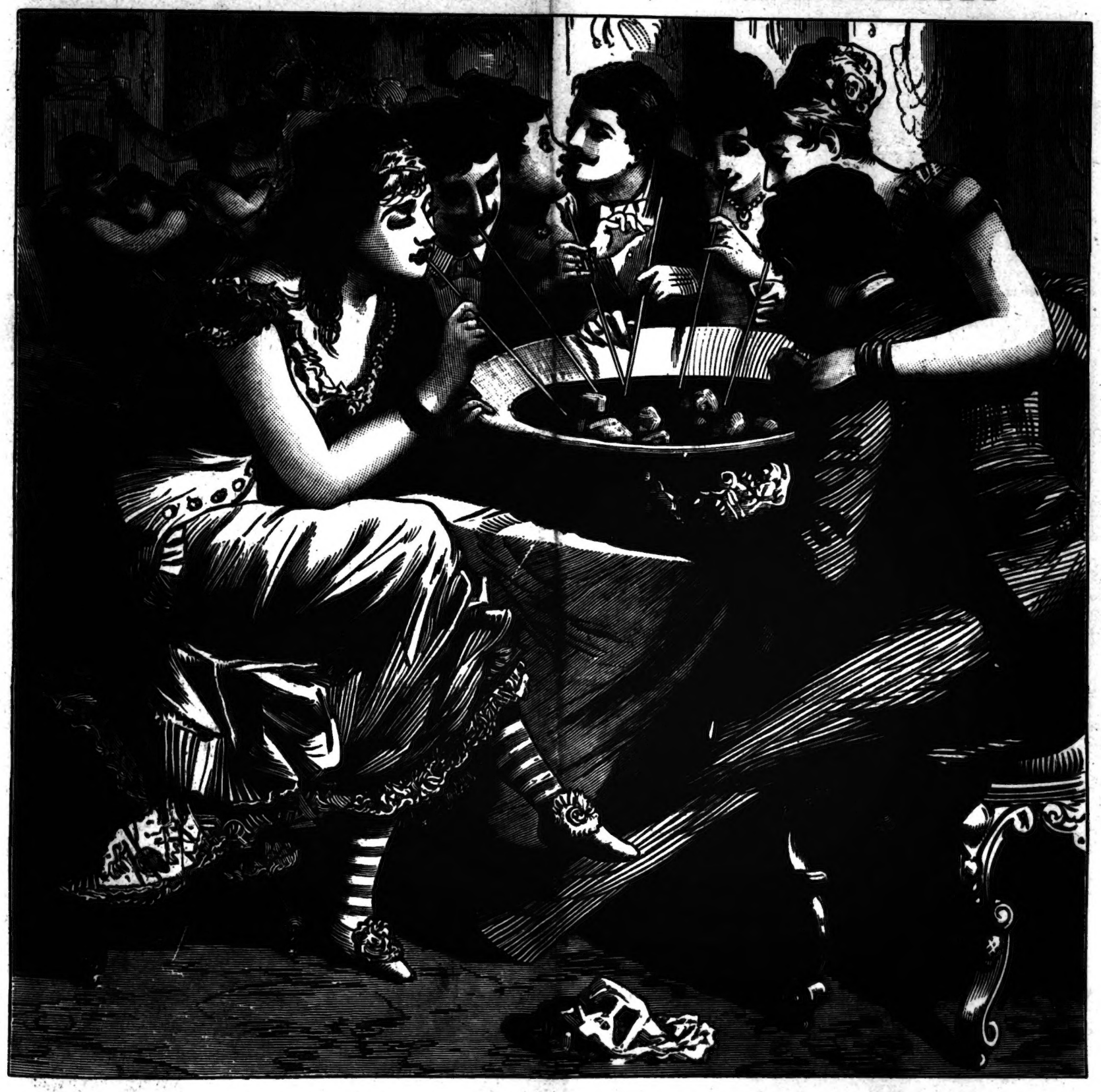
IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE.

THE GREAT FIGHT

FITZSIMMONS v. RUHLIN.



THEY SIPPED ICED CHAMPAGNE THROUGH LONG STRAWS.

A Fashionable Gathering Introducing a Novelty in Drinks.

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ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "The Mirror of Life," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Alf. Holden.—1. The question is answered in another column, with a certificate, which explains the fact. 2. No. 3. Quite reliable.

P. R. — The two judges should not sit together.

H. Weeks.—140yd by Billy the Aboriginal.

M. M.—1. On the expiration of 20sec he would call "Time." If the principal refused to leave his corner after 8sec he would lose the battle. 2. No.

W. Ransford.—No; under their own rules and their own officials.

H. W. Martin.—Was sold to go abroad.

T. Littlefield.—A letter addressed care of The Mirror of Life will find him.

J. A. Melville.—They sculled on the Tyne.

D. O.—See answer to M. M.

P. Harness.—1. As many as 727; the 160 represent winning mounts. 2. O. Madden with 808.

A. B. C.—The champions for the season were Aston Villa.

H. Railton.—James Finney swam under water 113yd 1ft.

C. Lever.—Over thirty years.

S. P. T.—1. Between Jas. Kelly and Jonathan Smith. 2. The fight lasting 6hr 15min.

C. H. Topper.—If he competed for money he would not be an amateur.

D. North.—Captain Webb swam from Dover to Calais, 21 hours 45min on August 24 and 25, 1875.

A. Wentworth.—He stands 6ft 1¼in, and weighs 13st 10lb.

G. Kipps.—Heavy-weight is any weight over the middle-weight.

C. O. L.—The horse has never won a race.

A. F. Wiseman.—Terry McGovern is 5ft 2¾in, and Ben Jordan is 5ft 5¾in.

Fred Marsh.—John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell fought a draw at Chantilly, France.

Homing.—Pearce (the "Game Chicken") was never defeated.

True Blue.—J. Gaudaur was the champion sculler.

Nica.—He is an amateur.

D. A. Long.—As a puppy he sold for 850gs.

T. Forrest.—1. The system may look well and work out on paper, but put it in practice. 2. Declined with thanks.

S. Bateman.—1. Both well over the middle-weight. 2. About 12st 8lb.

H. P.—1. Height is 5ft 10¼in, and weight in condition 11st 4lb. 2. Amateur.

E. E. E.—1. Thirty-one chalks up. 2. Last year.

A. Bell.—1. No. 2. Quite unnecessary.

T. Saul.—1. Three times by Jem Hall, Jem Jeffries, and Tom Sharkey. 2. Name of Cable Company.

In the Ring (Yorkley). — 1. Twenty-seven fights. 2. Lost three.

Pat Scully (Dublin).—You win. Bob Fitzsimmons was born May 26, 1863. See copy of his registration of birth in this week's Mirror of Life. Other records are incorrect.

Michael Sweeney (Paisley).—We have not the photo you wish.

A. Jones (Aterbeeg).—1. 6ft 1in. 2. Ben Jordan was born at Bermondsey, April 1, 1871.

(Several Answers crowded out)

THE CONTEST—FITZSIMMONS v. RUHLIN.

THE HORTON LAW REPEAL.

MATCHES ON THE TAPIS.

CONTESTS IN THE HOME DISTRICT.

JACK EVERHARDT (AMERICA) v. TOM IRELAND (ENGLAND).

GEORGE GARDINER (IRELAND) v. FRANK CRAIG (ENGLAND), FOR THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

There's a great many hard things to do,
It's hard when you're hit to cry "Thank-ee,"
It's hard to bamboozle a Jew,
But very much harder a Yankee.

Fitzsimmons, in his fight with Gus Ruhlin, did bamboozle a Yankee, and, as the police say, "From information received," we will tell our readers how it was done. Broughton, the father of English pugilism, who kept the English championship for eighteen years, had always some new move with which to meet an adversary—he never fought twice alike; and in his contest with Ruhlin, Fitz must have taken Broughton for his prototype. Jem Corbett had carefully instructed Gus Ruhlin how to block Fitzsimmons's most telling blows, and such a willing pupil did Jem find in Gus Ruhlin that the optimistic James declared that Gus Ruhlin would smash up Fitz, and that the fight would not last ten minutes, and many of the talent were impregnated with this view. Fitzsimmons had an idea that his late adversary, Jem Corbett, would coach the Young Giant to stop the blows he used which were so successful when he (Fitz) fought Corbett. So he fought Ruhlin on an entirely different plan. Fitz did not confine himself to studying one new blow; he had a dozen new boxing tricks which he had studied on his lay figure, the ex-amateur heavy and middle-weight champion Townsend, known in America as Geoffrey Thorne. While training for his contest with Gus Ruhlin Fitz sparred and wrestled every day. Fitz, in addition to sparring with three men—the big buck nigger Armstrong (who once made Jem Jeffries travel) being amongst the number—also wrestled with them. Bob did not confine himself to three men, whom he called upon to do their best, but to show his extraordinary vitality he would call upon any boxing athlete in the crowd to have a go, which many did. Terry McGovern, the little wonder, journeyed down to Burgen Beach to have a go with Fitz, considering the bigger the man the better the mark; but Terry, after the encounter, remarked to his confidents, "No more blooming Fitzsimmons, he knows too much for me." No man was more confident of success than Fitz. Said he: "If my left hand (the one which was bitten by his pet lion) holds out there will be only one in it." The hand appeared to be Fitzsimmons's principal anxiety, and he dreaded a long battle on this account. Fitz backed himself heavily. Like Napoleon, the Cornishman had no "ifs" in his vocabulary. "If your hand don't hold out, what then?" asked one of Fitz's admirers. "Don't get 'if'-ing," said Bob, "I don't count ifs." In a hand-to-hand engagement Fitz would have an enormous advantage. Like other successful fighters we could mention, Fitz has the power just where it is required. With a pair of legs so sparrow-like that they would be scorned by the meanest footman, Fitzsimmons has it above, just where it is wanted. Let our readers notice the chest measurements of the men, and they will find the lasting power stored in the capacious chest of Fitz, who is several inches bigger in that direction than the young giant, his antagonist. Forty-eight inches when inflated is a chest measurement not very often seen in a middle-weight. We find no greater record among the champions of the prize ring than *forty-nine inches*, and this was considered in the person of "Hen" Pearce a marvel of anatomical beauty. Those persons who wish to realise the enormous power contained in such a chest will remember how "Hen" Pearce, supporting himself with one hand, being at a higher elevation, with the other dragged an unfortunate servant girl from the parapet of a burning roof into a place of safety—an effort of strength and heroism which has been handed down to posterity. We can imagine how the natural advantages of the ex-farrier would tell in these terrible mix-ups. One man must surely go, and the survival of the fittest is what takes place. Neither man stood for repairs. Science was thrown overboard, and the man who could punch hardest and last longest won. It seems farcical after the performance of Fitzsimmons with the conqueror of Tom Sharkey to find this pair, Sharkey and Fitz, scheduled to contest at the Coney Island Club on August 24 for the enormous sum of 25,000dols. It passes our comprehension that such an enormous purse should be given for a contest between Sharkey and Fitz, considering how easily the former was disposed of by Gus Ruhlin. On form we do not know what could put Sharkey and Fitzsimmons together. Ruhlin defeats Sharkey in a most surprisingly easy manner—a manner in which he was never defeated before by the many champions who have tried their hands on the ex-sailor boy, and now we find the conqueror of Ruhlin matched with the defeated Sharkey—the conquering Fitzsimmons for the enormous sum of 25,000dols (£5,000). As if this were not enough the winner (we think there is not much doubt about the winner) is to give Jem Jeffries, the champion, a show seven days after the above event on August 31. These champions display eager haste to scoop the boxing pool before the repeal of the Horton law kills the goose which lays such golden eggs. After the repeal of the Horton law in America the fighting man, as we now know him, is likely to be as extinct as the dodo, the great auk, or the Red Indian, as represented in the novels of Fennimore Cooper. It is related that a pedestrian on one of the Metropolitan bridges was startled by hearing a vagrant exclaim "Ah! then I must adhere to my original resolution." Thinking this resolution was to jump over the bridge the philanthropist hurried after the vagrant and gave him a shilling. "Pray, what was your original resolution?" "Well," replied the vagrant, "if you had not given me this bob I should have had to go to work!" When the Horton law is repealed no doubt, like the vagrant, the lesser fry of boxers will have to go to work—not so the champions. Reckoning in dollars many of them must be millionaires. Five thousand pounds for a fight between Tom Sharkey and Fitzsimmons. "I beat the man that beat you," might well be the exclamation of Fitzsimmons, and yet a match between two men of this class is valued at five thousand pounds. Make haste to make matches ye champions, the birds will sing again, the sun will shine again; but we doubt if such good times as the present will ever come again.

We are treading on the heels of an early boxing season. Before the N.S.C. opens its portals for boxing the first big match will have taken place at Wonderland. On September 3 Jack Everhardt and Tom Ireland will box for a good side stake and purse. This match, like many others, was made at The Mirror of Life, and the Editor appoints timekeeper and referee. Tom Ireland is a youth capable of extending any lad at his weight up to 9st 12lb, be he English or foreign. Ireland has never been beaten at the above weight, and he will now weigh in at 10st for his meeting with Jack Everhardt, when Ireland will no doubt at 10st be stronger, and Everhardt a bit weaker, 10st being rather under Jack's best weight. Everhardt has brought such a good reputation with him from America that in certain quarters it is thought Master Tom will be chawed up by Master Jack in quick time. Now, we do not think this will be the case. Tom Ireland is a game, strong, and resolute fighter, and we shall hope to see each boxer give a good account of himself. Both lads have gone into active training—Tommy Ireland is training in company with Ted Ware (who is training for "Jewey" Cooke) at the Crown, Gravesend, Bob Knott acting as supervisor; Jack Everhardt is training under the care of his manager, Mr. Wolff, at the Two Brewers, Chipperfield, where George Gardiner, who is matched with the "Coffee Cooler" for the middle-weight championship, will settle down to strict training. Gardiner arrived from a pleasant sojourn in Ireland on Tuesday morning, and after calling at The Mirror of Life at once made tracks for Chipperfield, where he will remain until his contest with Craig on September 10. We may here mention, for the benefit of intending spectators, that thirty detectives have been engaged for the inside of the house, while a staff of police have been engaged for the doors. On this night the free list will be entirely suspended.

BILLY LEE.

One of the Most Prominent Sporting Men in America, now Visiting the Emerald Isle.

(With Portrait.)

Billy Lee, of Yonkers, New York, is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as one of the squarest sporting men in America, whose word is as good as his bond. Billy has a fad for fast geegees, and has one of the speediest in town. Billy's café is the finest in Yonkers, and is the mecca for the blue bloods of the sporting fraternity, many of whom have been backed by him in their pugilistic, baseball, wrestling, boating, or other affairs. At present Billy is the backer of that clever pugilist Tom Broderick, and is now on a tour of the Emerald Isle accompanied by Mr. John D. Hargreaves, a prominent engineer, of Yonkers.

INDULGING IN THE DEGRADING DRUG OF CHINA.

The Vice of Opium Smoking and its Effects.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Drinking and smoking are both bad vices if carried to excess, but the Chinese, who indulge in opium smoking, are lost to the world, and only seek in their waking hour enough money to enable them to again indulge in the drug that will surely carry them to their graves. Europeans have also become infatuated with the opium pipe, and these, like the degraded Celestials, soon lose all self-respect, and usually meet their reward with a dreadful death. In the Chinese quarters of every city in which they make a home there is always a place set apart for the opium smokers, and it is here that others are led astray by some pig-tailed wretch.

A GROUP OF MANCHESTER SPORTS.

Tom Conners, Alec Sparrow, Dave Petrie, and Martin McNeil.

(With Portraits.)

Tom Conners, it will be remembered, was one of the most prominent catch-as-catch-can wrestlers before the public for the last seventeen years. Martin McNeil is a well-known boxer in Manchester. Alec Sparrow, a clever long-distance bicycle rider, and sub-captain of the famous Pendleton Wheelers. Dave Petrie is an all-round sport, and a splendid judge in the breeding of English bull-terrier dogs.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

Among the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Billy Gordon.
Isaac Devine.
Jack Lewis.
Lance-Corporal Tracey (North Lancashire Regiment, Chelsea Barracks).
Jemmy Lowes (Newcastle).
Mrs. Lowes.
Tom King.
Alfred Shermer.
Billy Isaacs (Sheffield Handicap winner, 1884, 1890).
Sam Druffin (champion cyclist of N.S. Wales).
J. Beazley.
"Wag" Ashley.
Billy Exall.
Bill Fielder.
Alf Fielder.
Bill Pike.
Bob White.
Joe Williams (7st 2lb champion).
Joe Williams, sen. (Rotherham).
Ernie Plummer.
Charley Pendley.
Charley McKeever (U.S.A.).
Mr. Mercella.
Mr. Bert Dorman (New York).
Mr. James Campbell (Stratford-on-Avon).
Mr. Frank Parker (Philadelphia).
Mr. J. Wilson Manning (Boston, Mass.).
George Dunny.
Peter Meikle (Edinburgh).
Thomas Fry (Edinburgh).
Jack Springhall.
George Gardiner (champion middle-weight of Ireland).
Owen Kenny (manager George Gardiner).
Jem Murray (from South Africa).
"Ginger" Osborne.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

New York, August 11, 1900.

Editor, The Mirror of Life, London.

The international competition fever has spread to the amateur boxers, and President W. M. Brittan, of the New West Side A.C., yesterday outlined a plan for the wholesale invasion of England by a team from his organisation next year. The club has always made a feature of the manly art, and its representatives usually capture many of the events at the annual championships of the A.A.U. and Metropolitan Association. W. Rodenbach and J. F. Mumford are two especially clever boxers. President Brittan intends to raise the standard of the club's boxers by a series of competitions at all weights to take place during the winter. The first of these began on Saturday night with the trial bouts. Under this plan he expects to win the majority of events at the A.A.U. championship, and thus be in a position to send a representative team abroad to compete at the amateur boxing championships of England, which are scheduled to take place in May. The absence of several of the champions in South Africa led to the abandonment of the meeting last spring, but it is understood that the Amateur Boxing Association will run its bouts as usual next year. With regard to the financial part of the enterprise, President Brittan said that the club will run a fair about New Year's Day, and that as the athletes have a large following among the residents of the West Side he has no doubt that all the money required will be obtained. Those who heard of the scheme yesterday looked favourably upon the ambition of the New West Siders to get a slice of the international honours. An athlete who is familiar with the styles of boxing in vogue here and in England predicts great success for the team, if the project goes through. He said that the get-there style of the Americans will prove a surprise to the English champions, who go in more for the exploded theory of scientific sparring rather than fast, hard fighting. If the men go they will be the first amateurs to try conclusions with the Englishmen at this game, though J. F. Scholes, the Canadian champion, went over last year and easily took the premier honours in the 125lb class. The final bouts for the novice classes of the New West Side Club will be decided on next Saturday. The following are left in after the first trials: 105lb Class—C. Hoffmann, J. Casey, J. Finnetty. 115lb Class—C. A. Dignon and Joe Mumford. 125lb Class—Jack Mahoney, W. McAvoy, J. Hanrahan, J. Motto, and Frank Moran. 135lb Class—A. Seeman and P. Byrnes. 145lb Class—J. Corley and A. J. Reuter. For the first time since their memorable battle at Carson City Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons were brought together at Madison Square Garden last night. After Fitz recovered sufficiently he strolled across the ring to Ruhlin's corner to shake hands with his victim. Corbett was standing close by, but never said a word. In turning away from Ruhlin, Fitz spied his old rival, and, extending his hand, said: "Well, Jim, will you shake?" "Why, certainly," said the ex-champion, as he grasped Ruby Robert warmly by the hand. "I made a good fight, didn't I, Jim?" inquired Fitz. "Yes," was Corbett's reply. "You made a great battle, and I wish you luck." Both fighters parted smiling. Few people close to the ring noticed the incident on account of the great excitement. It was the first words that passed between the pair in years. Although they have come together frequently on the street neither has noticed the other. Jim Corbett had a lot of fun at his gymnasium on Wednesday with little George Monroe, the bantam-weight fighter. Corbett told Monroe he was going to do all kinds of things to him when they boxed. Monroe expected he was going to get walloped good and hard, and was surprised when Corbett only kept feinting at him. When they pulled off the gloves Corbett said to him: "I don't want to spoil your handsome face, as you need it to win out all the soubrettes we have around Bath Beach." Charley Goff, the Californian middle-weight, who has been acting as Gus Ruhlin's sparring partner, fought Billy Bunker, of Brooklyn, in the star bout at the Pelican A.C. The affair was a hot one while it lasted, which was only two minutes. Goff opened with a straight left to the mouth, which sent Billy to the floor for a full count. When he got up he was very groggy, but managed to send in a hard swing to the jaw, which came near sending Goff to the boards. The latter finally caught his man with a heavy belt on the jaw, which sent him down again. Bunker took a count, but when he got to his feet with great difficulty the police stopped the bout, and Referee George Schurgler gave Goff the verdict. According to a despatch received from Parkersburg, W. Va., John Lockhart, the Irish ex-pugilist, died at his home near Wadsville the other day, at the age of 103 years 9 months and 23 days. Lockhart knocked out a man in the prize ring in Ireland about eighty years ago, and fearing arrest fled to America, and after drifting around several years settled in West Virginia in 1825. He was a man of great strength, never knew a day's illness, and did not require glasses. Lockhart had a good fistic record, and preferred walking to riding. Twice a year for half a century he walked from his farm to Parkersburg and back, a distance of thirty-six miles, to see his friends. He was a moderate drinker, and used tobacco freely. This story is told by Tom Sharkey about Peter Maher: "You know, when Peter fought Slavin in Madison Square Garden, he had as his manager 'One-eyed' Quinn. After the fight was over Tim Hurst came up to Maher, and, shaking him by the hand, said, 'I am glad to see you get a big chunk of money, Peter, for your share for winning is $12,000.' Maher swelled up and said, 'Thank you. You know a better fellow couldn't get it.' 'One-eyed' Quinn was counting up for Maher, and when he came out of the room he walked up to Maher with tears in his eyes, and said, 'Peter, it is a sad story.' 'What do you mean?' shouted Maher. 'I mean,' said Quinn, 'that the club lost $80 on the show, and we don't get very much money.' Maher then yelled out, 'You're a liar; the people told me I am to get $12,000 for my end, and I want it.' Quinn then disappeared." Jimmy Handler, of Newark, knocked out Johnny Reichmann, of Brooklyn, in the fifth round at the Hercules A.C. last night. The pair scaled in the neighbourhood of 153lb. Reichmann surprised Handler in the early part of the struggle, but Handler's experience and punching powers soon told. Despite the heat, a good crowd was present. The go was to have been for twenty-five rounds, under Queensberry rules. At the Broadway Athletic Club, Thursday night, George McFadden, of this city, whipped "Kid" McPartland, another local pugilist, so badly that McPartland's seconds threw up the sponge in the sixteenth round to prevent their man from being knocked out. The men were matched to fight twenty-five rounds at 138lb, and McPartland had a 5lb pull in the weights. Sam Fitzpatrick has taken "Kid" Lavigne under his wing again, and is trying to match the former light-weight champion against Terry McGovern in a limited-round bout. Sam thinks that, as their styles are almost alike, the "Kid" will make a better show against Terry than Erne did. George Dixon has again announced his retirement from the ring. His arm, which he broke while fighting Tommy Sullivan at Coney Island, is still in a bad way. Frank Erne states that he will visit Paris next month, in company with his wife and mother, to see the Exposition. Erne also may go to England and do some boxing there. The world's record for twenty-five centuries was smashed on Tuesday night at nine o'clock, when Mrs. Emma Bayne completed her long bicycle ride of 4,500 miles. On July 9 Mrs. Bayne started out to complete 4,500 miles in thirty days. She had figured it all out, and felt sure that she would be able to accomplish her self-imposed task. She is the pluckiest woman rider in the world, and Tuesday night, when she dismounted for the last time on this run, she had accomplished what neither man nor woman has before.

THE TATTLER.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters are lying at our office for:—

Frank Gess.
Bert Dorman.
A. McDonald.
J. W. Abbott.
Frank Kempton.
Sam Fitzpatrick.
Billy Ross.
"Greek" George.
"Dido" Plumb.
B. Dobbs.
John F. White.
J. Gans (two).
Robert Fitzsimmons (three).
Charles Connolly.
C. McCoy.
P. Gorman.
Frank Leon.
Alec Hurley.
Jem Holloway.
Billy Plimmer.
George Fox Giles.
H. Chance Newton.
Driver Pincher.
Charles Mitchell (English champion boxer).
Ernie Greaves.
Jem Hall.
Claude Thompson.
J. Corbett.
George Slark.
Herman F. Wolf.

GEORGE TURFERRY, THE WINNER OF DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE, AND HIS TRAINER, W. REEVES.

(*With Portraits.*)

George Turferry, who hails from Bankside, is, we should think, the smallest man who ever won the Coat and Badge, and we should think the most prepossessing. George is the personification of modesty, and the competitors for this famous trophy never saw George until the day of the race, and then they also knew he was there. Owing to his jersey (pink) getting saturated with wet his colours were mistaken for those of Coppeck, of Bermondsey. W. Reeves trained Turferry for Doggett's Coat and Badge, and he is also training him for Jack Rayson's Regatta, to which another coat and badge is attached, and (at the time of writing) little George thinks he has an excellent chance of annexing this trophy also. For Turferry's benefit, when he, in company with his trainer (W. Reeves), visited The Mirror of Life, we looked up the winners of Doggett's Coat and Badge hailing from Bankside, and we give them as follows: 1797, J. Hill. After Hill we have three successive wins of the Coat and Badge by watermen hailing from Bankside: 1813, R. Farson; 1814, R. Harris; 1815, J. Scott. A lapse here occurs until 1832, when the Coat and Badge were won by R. Waight; 1837, by T. Harrison, and the last waterman to achieve the honour of winning the Coat and Badge prior to the victory of George Turferry was D. Hemmings, of Bankside, in 1854.

MONKEY GOES FOR HER PRETTY BONNET,

But Is Seized in Time to Save That Article From Destruction.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

Ladies who visit at any time the public gardens where there is a menagerie should carefully keep out of reach of that quadrumanous animal, the mischievous monkey, otherwise their handsome headgear is likely to suffer, for no sooner they approach the cage when, with quick grasp, their long claw-like hands will tear the hat or bonnet from the heads of the wearers. Last week a monkey, having escaped from its cage, darted about among the visitors, and to the horror of one lady leaped to her head, and with a quick motion seized her feathered hat; fortunately at the same moment the keeper clutched the animal round the neck and so saved the situation. A slight return was made for what damage had been done.

ORDERED HIS WIFE OUT OF THE BATHING COMPANY.

The Officer Did Not Wish to See Her Admired.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

The people of New York, like those at home, are very fond of spending their holidays at the seaside, and one of these most popular spots is Bar Harbour, where all the fashion of the western world are found during the summer months. It was here that a lady, attired in bathing costume, was enjoying a splash with others, and was ordered to leave the water and return to her machine by a police officer. This attracted considerable attention, as the man had drawn his revolver as if to enforce his word of command; but the truth was afterwards found when the pretty swimmer declared he was her husband and objected to her appearing in costume rather bare upon the beach.

THE CHEF INTENDED TO BAKE THE CHINAMAN

He Pushed the Celestial Into the Oven.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

A Chinaman named Li Chu, who has been employed at a Parisian café, came nearly to losing his life. The chef or chief cook of the establishment ordered Li Chu to do certain work, and on finding his orders disobeyed the chef, whose name was Francois Blanpain, seized the unfortunate celestial by his neck and breeches, and, being under the influence of drink, tried to force Li Chu into the oven. The man's cries for help were heard and he was rescued, otherwise he would have met with a horrible death by being baked alive.

KHALIFFA.

The Champion Dog of South Wales.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

The following is a challenge issued by the owner of Khaliffa. Thomas Bayton, of Brynmawr, Breconshire, South Wales, having gained with his dog Khaliffa the championship of South Wales in Llantarnam on Monday, August 6, Bank Holiday, last, is now open to run any dog in the world, bar none, the best of thirty-one courses, 80yards law for drop rabbits, for any stake upwards of £100.

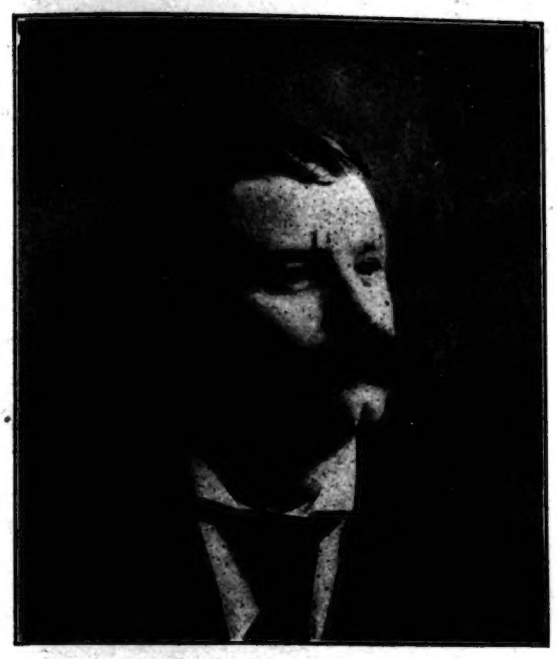
LOST AND FOUND.

"I called in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so:" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

KHALIFFA,
The Champion Dog of South Wales.

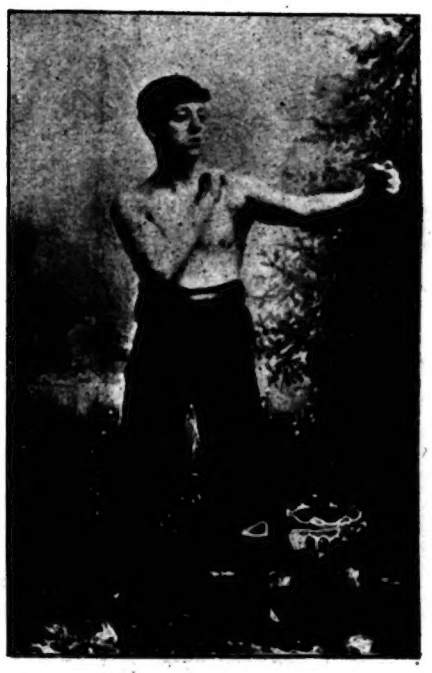
THE CHEF INTENDED TO BAKE THE CHINAMAN.
He Pushed the Celestial Into the Oven.

HER DOWRY WAS HER WEIGHT IN THE BEST OF BULLION.
Money was No Object when the Man Wanted a Pretty Wife.



BILLY LEE,
One of the Most Prominent Sporting Men in America, Now Visiting the Emerald Isle.

J. THOMAS,
A Speedy Pedestrian from the Principality.



ERNEST AYRES,
Better Known as "Curley," of Paddington.

INDULGING IN THE DEGRADING DRUG OF CHINA.
The Vice of Opium Smoking and its Effects.

THERE WAS NO GREEN IN HIS EYE
When They Tried to Pinch his Watch and Chain.

ONE OF THE MORBID SIGHTS OF PARIS.
Identifying a Victim Found in the Seine.

TERRY McGOVERN,
The Conqueror of "Pedlar" Palmer, and Matched to Meet Ben Jordan, the "Bermondsey Pet."

DEATH OF MRS. HARRY HARRIS.—We regret to state that the well-known sport and philanthropist, Mr. Harry Harris, has had the misfortune to lose that best of all friends, the partner of his joys, after a happy married life of 33½ years. During the whole of their married life not a single incident occurred to mar their domestic felicity, and they well deserved the Dunmow Flitch. Besides being the best-known philanthropist in the locality, Harris is related to some of the best families in the land, and is first cousin to Sir Edward Levy Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*. The carriages that followed were very numerous, and the good lady was laid to her last resting place in the family grave at Abney Park Cemetery. Among those who followed the following may be mentioned:—First coach—Harry Harris, sen., H. E. Harris, E. Harris, L. Harris, Minnie Ullmer (daughter), and Miss Annie Harris. Second coach—Mr. and Mrs. Porter (sister), Miss Porter, Miss Julia Harris, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Ullmer. Third coach—Mrs. Hendry, Mrs. Buck, Arthur Chaplin, George Ullmer, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Smith, while over 200 besides those who followed in broughams and cabs were present during the last sad, solemn scene. Wreaths were very numerous, the principal being sent by Harry Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Ullmer, Mr. Porter, Mrs. Porter, Miss Porter, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Buck, Miss J. Harris, Mrs. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Hendry, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Wenden, Mrs. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Lamboil, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Miss Tucker, Mrs. De Winter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Bench, Mr. Joe Smith, Mrs. Louisa Smith, Mr. H. Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs, Mr. and Mrs. Loughlin, Mrs. T. Cockshow, Mr. and Mrs. W. Maughan, Mr. and Mrs. Pascoe and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hall, Mrs. Wineberg, &c. The wreath sent by the children of the deceased lady was very lovely, which remark equally applies to that sent by the late lady's grandchildren. God rest her soul.

NORTHERN COUNTIES SWIMMERS.—Nine swimmers took part in the Northern Counties 1,000yd championship race at Blackpool on Saturday. The holder was T. Wildgoose, of Hyde Seal, who was a big favourite, but contrary to expectations a young swimmer in D. Billington, of Bacup, proved victorious by 25yd from N. Potter, of Tyldesley, the latter being a similar distance ahead of G. Wilkinson (Manchester Osborne). F. Kearsley (St. Helens) was fourth, the fifth and sixth respectively being B. Law (Chadderton) and T. Wildgoose.

SOUTHAMPTON CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS.—J. Moore, Portsmouth Mercury B.C., won the twenty-five miles in 1hr 0min 1 2-5sec, and C. B. Kingsbury, Nore A.C.C., the half-mile in 1min 10 1-5sec at the Southampton championship meeting on Saturday. J. Platt-Betts rode an unpaced mile in 2min 11 3-5sec.

PRESS SPORTS.—SOME WONDERFULLY fast times were recorded at the London Press Sports at Herne Hill on Saturday, but as most of these were accomplished by long-start men their value was to a great extent discounted. It is to be presumed that the handicaps in the flat races were made from the American "cracks," as in most instances the scratch man, if he had started, would have had to beat record to win. E. S. Montgomery, of the Gloucester and N.S.C.C., was the most successful competitor, winning the half-mile open cycle handicap with 70 yards start in 63sec, and also the open mile cycle handicap with 130 yards in 2min 7 2-5sec. F. Stevens (Putney A.C.), 8¼ yards start, just beat H. Layton (*Licensing World*), 5½, by a foot in the 1'0 yards open handicap. W. G. Burrows (Eyre and Spottiswood's), the Essex mile champion, won the open quarter, with 32 yards start, in 49 2-5sec; F. J. Jenkinson (R. Tuck and Sons), 15 yards start, won the 220 yards "trade" handicap, with 15 yards start, in 23 2-5sec; R. Foulds (Herne Hill Harriers), 140 yards start, won the mile in 4min 22 2-5sec, and the five miles London Press cycle championship for the Harmsworth Challenge Cup went to the Putney rider, F. T. Lickfold (*Engineering*), in 13min 39 4-5sec.

MORE CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR C. Bennett.—The national and southern cross-country champion, Charles Bennett, of the Finchley Harriers, back from Paris, where he secured the one mile amateur championship of the world, competed at the Portsmouth Harriers' sports on Saturday, when he won the half and one mile championships of Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Dorset. His respective times were 2min 1 1-5sec, and 4min 44 3-5sec.

A WIN FOR STANLEY ROWLEY.—Stanley Rowley, the Australasian champion, secured the 100 yards scratch race at the Small Heath Harriers' sports on Saturday. He beat G. F. Brewill by a yard and a half. The time was a yard outside 10sec.

SKITTLES.—EARLY LAST WEEK A match at skittles took place at the Denmark Skittle Club, Bromley-by-Bow, the contestants being W. Parkes and W. Steers, two members of the club. The conditions were—Parkes to play six feet from the front pin and Steers two steps and no follow; to play 11 chalks up with a 12lb ball. Both players are experts at the game, which was watched with a deal of interest by the large company present. The men tied twice for the first chalk, which went to Steers by the aid of a nine. Parkes took the next two, but lost the following one by treading on the putty line. Both men showed some excellent play, and the game was called 10 all. Steers setting a go got the front eight, and Parkes flooring them won the match. Scores—Parkes, 11; Steers, 10. Scorer and referee, W. Jones (captain).

SKITTLES. — THE HANDSOME skittle alley attached to Mr. William Brookes's establishment, the Globe, Ethelbred Street, Lambeth, was crowded on Thursday evening last, when Messrs. Schaum and Regan, both well-known South Londonites, contested the best eleven chalks up for a £10 trophy. Mr. W. H. Brookes, sen., was scoretaker. It was indeed a most marvellous game; after tieing several times Schaum eventually won by one chalk only. Mr. Brookes, jun., ably supervised the affair, and several well-known gentlemen from Hoxton were present.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP of the Marne.—The sculling race for the championship of the Marne, France, was rowed on Wednesday, there being eight entries. The only English representative was Mr. St. George Ashe, Thames R.C., and in his first heat he easily defeated Mons. Dorlia. In his second venture, however, he met M. Prevel, Club de Nautique, Nice, and, rowing in a strange boat, was beaten for the Challenge Cup, which was valued at 1,500 francs, in addition to a 200 francs presentation prize. Mr. Ashe put up a good race throughout, and had hard luck in meeting such a rattling fine sculler as M. Prevel under uncomfortable circumstances.

FOOT RACE FOR £100.—THERE was a great amount of interest early last week throughout the north-eastern portion of Lancashire in the meeting of Halliwell, of Church, and Horner, of Great Harwood, at Accrington, who were matched to run a race for £50 a-side. Halliwell had to go 105½ yards and Horner 105 yards. The wagering was heavy, and at the start the price was 7 to 4 on Horner. Halliwell led throughout and won by a yard. T. Greenhalgh was referee.

CHAMPION AUSTRALIAN CYCLISTS for the Paris Exhibition.—A trio of cyclist champions from New Zealand Messrs. Reynolds, Tierney, and Sam Druffin. These cyclists stopped some time in the States, and Tierney won several small contests; but some hitch taking place in their Paris engagements, they intend to return after a short stay in London.

DEATH OF SAM BOWLER, A ONE-Time Famous Ped. and Sheffield Handicap Winner.—Billy Isaacs, the famous Sheffield runner, called to THE MIRROR OF LIFE to report the death of Sam Bowler, a famous Sheffield handicap winner, who won a Sheffield handicap as far back as 1870.

THE MILE CYCLING CHAMPION Still Winning.—W. Edmonds, Bristol (one mile N.C.U. amateur champion), first; H. W. Payne, West Roads and Putney (twenty-five miles ex-champion), second; and A. S. Ingram, Polytechnic (five miles champion), third, was the order at the finish of the one mile scratch race for the Nimrod Charity Cup at Bristol on Saturday. It was one of the most important level miles held in England this year, but unfortunately had to be declared void, the time limit being exceeded. The winner's time was 2min 52 4-5sec. As the meeting was held in aid of the War Fund the attendance of 10,000 persons was very gratifying.

PROFESSOR A. J. NEWTON, OF THE Barnsbury Club, writes that while agreeing with the decision of the club, he is not responsible for the steps taken by the Barnsbury Club.

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THE WHITE HART, LEWISHAM.—Alf Stanbrook will hold a complimentary smoking concert at the above hostelry on Monday, August 27, at nine o'clock. Dick Whitehead and Dias Patte have undertaken to conduct the show, so that visitors will be sure of a good evening's amusement, while many prominent sporting men have promised their support, and we hope that Alf will get a bumper.

A NOVEL SKITTLE MATCH BE-tween one-armed men took place at the skittle alley attached to the the Prince George, Kennington Cross, proprietor, C. Quickenden. The competitors were Chas. Templeman, of Camberwell (one arm), and George Harris, Lambeth (one arm), partners; Fred Capon, Lambeth (one arm), and Dick Swift, of Westminster (one arm). The stickers-up were Curtis, of Lambeth (one arm), and Townsend (also one-armed man), and Jack Duggan (with one wooden leg) officiated as scoretaker. After a very amusing affair, thirteen chalks (running in, 14lb ball), Capon and Swift won by one chalk.

HOKEY-POKEY VENDORS AT Variance.—Every Sunday morning, in Petticoat Lane, sees the champion merchants having a wordy warfare with their rivals. Messrs. Israel and Abrahams would be friends with all, but some of the attacks, such as selling inferior ices that are not up to the mark as theirs, are not pleasant. This hot weather accounts for a lot, but to get rid of three times their usual quantity is a feat the champions are proud of.

BILLIARDS.—THE WELL-appointed saloon attached to Mr. Guyatt's, the King's Arms, Walworth Road, was the scene of a match—500 level—on the evening of the 18th inst. The competitors were Tom Nelson and Mr. Fox, a well-known amateur. J. Taylor ably marked the game. Mr. Guyatt supervised the arrangements. Nelson made a 53 unfinished break, besides other useful essays. Fox's best breaks, 40, &c. The game ended as follows: Nelson 500, Fox 482.

AMERICAN ATHLETES AT BELFAST.—M. W. Long, of New York, and J. W. B Tewkesbury, of Pennsylvania, were among the competitors at the sports of the Cliftonville F. and A.C. at Belfast on Saturday. Tewkesbury, who was still feeling the effects of his sprain, did not show to advantage, but Long ran finely from scratch in the 110yd and 300yd handicaps, securing second place in each. In the former he was beaten by a few inches by W. R. M'Comish, Cliftonville, the winner of the famous Blackley sprint, who had 5yd start, while in the 300yd he was just defeated by J. Aiken, Ulster, 21yd start. The respective times were 11 3-5sec and 32 3-5sec.

LIVERPOOL CYCLING CHAMPION-ship.—G. H. Masters, Southport, the holder of the Liverpool fifty miles championship, was beaten in that event at Rockferry on Saturday, H. W. Ind, Runcorn, winning, but the former secured the half-mile championship, in which the holder, A. W. Guy, was beaten in his heat.

MANCHESTER CYCLING CHAM-pionships.—The quarter-mile and fifty miles championships of the N.C.U. Manchester centre took place at the meeting at Fallowfield on Saturday, T. Davies, of the Manchester A.C., secured the former event comfortably in 32sec, while C. Moynihan, Manchester A.C., won the fifty miles by over five miles in 2hr 2min 0 1-5sec. A. E. Maycock, the holder, led from the start up to the forty-fourth mile, at which point he came down heavily. He was badly cut and rendered insensible.

GLOVE CONTEST AT STOCKTON.—Bob Wilsons, of Newcastle, maintained his title of the 8st 6lb champion of the North at Stockton last Monday night, as he knocked Jack Lloyd, of Gateshead, out in the third round. The stake was £20 a-side, and a £15 purse. Mr. Andrew Wood (Gateshead) was referee.

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ADVT

"QUITE UP TO DATE, YOU KNOW."

She was Too Smart and Too Experienced for Their Job.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THERE appears from general reports that the feminine gender are pushing themselves forward in the commercial world. Type-writers and short-hand lady clerks now do the business, and in answer to advertisements some pretty girl or smartly-dressed young lady will be found ready to commence her office duties. The manager of a large business firm found one of these ladies a little too forward, for on arrivin at his office the new applicant had planted herself in his sanctum, and, lighting a cigarette, was enjoying a whiff previous to the interview. Her services were rejected, as she appeared a little bit too experienced.

HE MADE HIMSELF SOMEWHAT OBJECTIONABLE TO THE LADIES.

The Weaker Sex were in Force and Gave Him a Ducking.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE speculation was what had he done and spectators asked each other the question as they observed a tall and youthful-looking man emerge from the water soaked to the skin, and eight strong and stout females still menacing him. A short five minutes previously he was strolling on the beach when the contingent of eight females laid heavy hands on him, and before he could thoroughly realise that he was a captive, they with a swing at his head and legs, cast him to the fishes. Well wet through he struggled forward and quickly escaped from his tormentors, who described him as a "Peeping Tom."

HER DOWRY WAS HER WEIGHT IN THE BEST OF BULLION.

Money Was No Object When the Man Wanted a Pretty Wife.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IT is a common saying that some wives are worth their weight in gold. One young lady who resides in Vienna, having many admirers, selected the one for a husband who would give her for a dowry her weight in the precious metal. Three came forward to compete for her hand. She was fully attired, and gaily seated herself on the scales while the gold pieces were placed against her until the respectable sum of £4,000 was reached. The winner did not repent of his bargain, but handing over the gold, proudly walked off with the lady as a prize.

THEY SIPPED ICED CHAMPAGNE THROUGH LONG STRAWS.

A Fashionable Gathering Introducing a Novelty in Drinks.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE great heat wave has much to answer for. Coatless and with the lightest covering the perspiring citizen tries the shady side of the busy thoroughfares. The only part of the day that one can enjoy a quiet and pleasant hour is the evening, sipping, perhaps, some iced and cooling drink. At a large and fashionable gathering the company seated themselves round the iced claret and champagne bowls, and with long straws, after the American fashion of imbibing drinks, drew the liquid through the long tubes in perfect enjoyment.

ONE OF THE MORBID SIGHTS OF PARIS.

Identifying a Victim Found in the Seine

(Subject of Illustration.)

ONE of the peculiar sights of Paris is The Morgue, or dead-house, a place where all those who have committed suicide, or have met with their death in the public thoroughfares, are taken. The bodies of those who have been recovered from the River Seine are each placed in a shell or on a long inclined slab, where the visitors can see the features of the corpse through a glass window. They are here placed for identification, and the idle and curious will stand for minutes before each body and speculate the why and wherefore of it being there.

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"Aristotle's Great Works," nearly 500 pages, 2s., a 320 page edition, 1s. 6d. "Plain Home Talk," 959 pages, 200 illustrations, 6s. "Maria Monk," cloth bound, 40 illustrations, 1s. 6d. "Revelations of Girlhood," 36 chapters, 1s. "An Artist's Model," illustrated, 1s. "The Lady's Maid," illustrated, 9d. "The Footman," illustrated, 9d. "The Ballet Girl," illustrated, 9d. "London by Night," illustrated, 9d. "Paris by Night," illustrated, 9d. "Fanny Hill," illustrated, 9d., or these EIGHT books, value 6s. 6d., sent to any part of the world on receipt of 4s. Money Order, Postal Order, or stamps. A full list of others 2 stamps. "Transparent Playing Cards," showing the beautiful pictures, Male and Female, 52 in each pack, post free, 2s. 6d., better, 5s. "Transparent Dominoe Playing Cards," 28 in each pack, 1s. 2d. Address—**M. L. REID, West Green Road, London, N** [Adv

MR. AND MRS. JEMMY LOWES, OF NEWCASTLE, VISIT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Whene'er you go to France
Be sure you learn the lingo,
Or you'll be led a dance
Like me, by Jingo!

—TOM HOOD.

JEMMY LOWES AND MRS. JEMMY Lowes—we are putting the cart before the horse, *place aux dames*; we should have said Mr. and Mrs. Lowes, although Mrs. Lowes, who knows a little French, is so fond of saying to Jemmy, "*Apres vous*, James." Well, to our *moutons*. This couple came to London on business bent—Jemmy to make two matches for Newcastle lads, Tom Dixon and Andrew Tokill; the former to meet Jem Barry and the latter Bill Lampshire, and Mrs. Lowes to do a bit of shopping. Curiosity has been the ruin of the fair sex from time immemorial, and Mrs. Lowes, like her sisterhood, was curious to see the French exhibition. Our premises are not labelled "If you don't see any article in the window step inside," but most persons coming from the country, when in doubt, call in at THE MIRROR OF LIFE to solve the trouble. Accordingly a MIRROR OF LIFE representative put Mr. and Mrs. Jemmy on the best and most economical route to Paris, viâ Southampton and Havre. Mrs. Jemmy Lowes knew a little French, but Jemmy was in the cart as regards foreign languages.

ARRIVING AT PARIS

Jemmy Lowes dropped into the basket at once. Thinking he was on his native heath (Newcastle) he attacked the first likely looking foreigner on his arrival in good north-country English: "Where is the Exhibition?" said Jemmy. "Exhibitiong," said the Frenchman, looking at James in some amaze. Thinking James was looking for a lavatory he took him by the sleeve and led him to a retiring place. "No, that is not what I want," said Jemmy, forgetting the benighted foreigner could not understand English, "I want the Exhibition." Mrs. Lowes, with a woman's wit, said: "Try him with 'Exposition,' Jemmy." "Ah, ex-po-si-tiong," said the Frenchman, and then with many a shrug and many a grin he pointed out the way, and wished to show them. Jemmy, smelling a bit of a ramp, walked on, at which the Frenchman, wanting his *pourboire*, exclaimed: "*Ah! perfide Anglais, donnez moi un franc.*" "Doney more yourself," said Jemmy in high dudgeon. "I'll give you a kick in the a——." So determined did Jemmy look that the Frenchman strolled away. The nuisance, however, was that when Jemmy had asked his better half "what is French for this and what is French for that," striking his best attitude he imagined he was addressing the home produce, he found he was addressing the man from Angleterre, who, blunt as the Briton usually is, took Jemmy for a blithering idiot, and did not forget to tell him so. Jemmy was not stuck on dining á la carte. "Call that a course?" said Jemmy, when they brought him one sardine. "Hush, dear," said Mrs. Jemmy, 'they will take us for English" The sardine was bad, but when other little bits of the same quantity came in as follows, Jemmy could contain himself no longer and called out for a steak. "Biftek Anglaise," roared the waiter. "There, Jemmy, I knew you would spoil it all. 'Biftek Anglais,' they've found out we are English, and goodness knows what we shall have to pay." When Jemmy discovered that his "biftek Anglais" was nearly raw, and about the size of a small card case, he shouted out some good old Newcastle. Jemmy did not want much to wash this steak down, so he shouted for some beer. "What's French for beer, my dear?" said Jemmy. "Oh, don't call for beer, Jemmy, it looks so low; besides, we can get that at home. Call for wine—vin." "Chopin de vin, sir?" said the waiter. This was adding insult to injury. "Chop and vin," said Jemmy, "I have just had a steak, and now you want me have a chop. No thank you, I'm not a blooming millionaire. If the chop is no bigger than the steak I should want a sheep. Bring the vin." The vin was brought in a bottle as big as a large decanter. "I don't want a bath of vin" said Jemmy. "You do everything topsey-turvey here. You bring me a small steak and a large bottle. If this is á la carte, I won't have any more á la." Jemmy was pacified when he was told that he was not expected to pay for the big bottle but for what he drank, a number of figures like a water mark running along the bottle. "Talk about the dollar line," remarked Jemmy, "it's three francs here for everything. 'Caffy and lay' (café au lait) three francs. I didn't have the 'lay.' I said the missus might have it while I took a look about." Jemmy never felt so lost as when he left the missus resting. "Where's the Champs Eliza's bloke?" said Jemmy to a gentleman in a blue blouse, thinking he had spotted a towney from an engineers' shop in Newcastle. The man stared and made no answer. "Poor creature, he's dumb; God help him," said Jemmy. The Boolevardes and the "Boy de Bolong" Jemmy was unable to find, and when he went back to the café to find Mrs. Jemmy he said, "Of all the daft creatures I ever met, you meet them here. Why, they don't know where to find their own streets." After viewing the exhibition (of which we may give Jemmy's account in a future number), Mr. and Mrs. Jemmy Lowes shook the dust of the streets of Paris off their feet and made tracks for London, where they were to dine on the Sunday with the jolly and genial "Jumbo." During a wait for the train to Harrow, Mr. and Mrs. Lowes strolled down Petticoat Lane, where Mrs. L. sampled the dainties à la fresco, which she said she enjoyed better than the Parisian menu. Mr. and Mrs. Ecclestone welcomed the travellers most heartily. "Dinner for five" shouted "Jumbo," "a dish for me, please." Such was "Jumbo's" order. "Jummy" always has an eye to business, and he inquired of James whether he thought there would be a good opening for a fat man in Paris, whether he thought 33st would go down. "Yes," said Jemmy, "if they gave you a beefsteak English for your dinner." "Jolly" did not see the joke, but said he thought of going to Paris in his own caravan. After dinner, as "Jolly" was about removing from the elegant Chateaux Ornée, where he was domiciled near the Ballot Box, he asked Mr. and Mrs. Lowes to come and have a game, and that game consisted of stripping the apple trees. "Jolly" is good at having games. At the time of the big wrestling tournament he called all his relatives about him, and got them to stick postage stamps on circulars; and some of them have not got their tongues in shape since. A new way of feeding poor relations. Mr. and Mrs. Lowes cannot too heartily thank "Jolly Jumbo" and his good wife for their hospitality, which was rendered all the more acceptable after their long voyage and Parisian experience. In conclusion, we may say that Jamesey and pard spent their time in London as though on a second honeymoon, seeing all that there was to be seen in the way of amusement.

BOXING AT NEWCASTLE.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWcastle.—On Summer evenings a great crowd is never expected at a boxing show, but there was a very extensive gathering of spectators at Mr. James Lowes's Hexham House Saloon, Forth Place, Newcastle, on Saturday evening last. The catering of Mr. Lowes in this class of sport is world-renowned, and the programme of Saturday evening was of the best description. The first pair to don the gloves were those two clever midgets, J. Johnson and W. Brown, and they pleased to the full, as did young McCoy, of Gateshead, and J. Halliday, of Stanley, who worked their three rounds in the hardest of styles. Henry Myer, of Edinburgh, a well known boxer in the modern Athens, and J. Thornton, of Newcastle, then had three merry tussles, after which George Cumings and "Darkey" Carpenter were hard at work for a trio of bouts. Then came the principal affair of the evening, a six rounds contest between H. Aleck, of Santa Cruz and J. Sharp, of Newcastle. It was a very severely fought contest from start to finish. Being the heavier and stronger Aleck forced the work all through. Although Sharp tried very hard to stall off the attacks of his opponent his efforts proved futile, and Aleck gained a well-earned verdict. The winner was seconded by J. Mason and "Butcher" Elliott, and the loser by "Spider" Carr and Charley Watts. Jack Palmer was referee, and Martin Nealis timekeeper. For next Saturday George Morris and "Darkey" Carpenter are matched to box six rounds.

YOUNG HALL, SEEING THAT HE cannot get a match at 4st, would like to box one of Harry Hughes's midgets if Joe Smith will give a purse.

BILL PIKE TO FRED REID.—IN answer to Reid, Pike will be only too pleased to box Reid according to his challenge for Joe Smith's or Bob White's purse (ten rounds).

JOHNNY HUGHES (OF LONDON) v. DAVE JOHNSON (OF OLDHAM).

A BOXING IMPOSTOR.

WE ARE NEVER TIRED OF PRAISing a good lad, and we think Johnny Hughes, of Canning Town, one of the best lads at his weight we have ever seen contend either for a purse, a competition, or a stake. Some months ago Johnny was putting the horse in the shafts of the travelling boxing booth proprietored by Harry Hughes, when the animal becoming restive lashed out his hind legs, with the result that Johnny's leg was fractured in two places. This accident happened many miles from town, so Johnny's father (Harry Hughes), after the lad had been attended by a local practitioner, hastily made up a scratch bed for Johnny in one of the spare vans connected with the boxing show, and drove Johnny to Guy's Hospital, London. So skilful had been the work of the country practitioner that the principal surgeon at Guy's would not undo it; and praise could go no further when he said this local and obscure surgeon had as skilfully attended to the limb in a case of "first aid" as the first surgeon in the land, Sir William McCormac or Mr. Treves not excepted. Johnny remained in the hospital several weeks, and when we saw the lad at his father's booth at the World's Fair hobbling about on crutches we did not think Johnny would make one in a boxing match of two this year. We were deceived, however, in the constitution of the lad, for Johnny Hughes rapidly made headway, and no one was more surprised than we when Johnny wrote us that he was matched with Dave Johnson, of Oldham, and was training under the care of "Dido" Plumb and "Ginger" Osborne at his old quarters near Southsea. As Dave Johnson was to us an unknown quantity we imagined he must be a long way above the common to tackle such a redoubtable customer as Johnny Hughes, with Johnny fit, and a match in which the Canning Town lad took a hand was considered worthy of a big purse, but the match being made in midsummer boxing promoters were shy in bidding, knowing as they do that it is hard to fill benches even by the most enthusiastic devotees of boxing during the late sultry weather. There is usually a highest and a lowest bid for a boxing match—the lowest bid was made by a boxing promoter in the neighbourhood of Grimsby, and the highest by Jack Haggerty, of Stalybridge Gymnasium. We are sure Jack Haggerty, who is both a champion ped. and a champion swimmer, must have swore a prayer or two when he found what a mass of incompetence the provincial man presented when opposed to such a master of the game as Johnny Hughes. Directly Hughes and Johnson took the ring and placed themselves in attitudes of defence it was at once seen that Johnson was such an incompetent duffer that Johnny Hughes could not make the game last and give anything like a show to the spectators. In the first round Dave Johnson, of Oldham, tumbled into a ruse which the veriest novice would have avoided. Feinting at the Oldham man's "darby" with the left, Dave Johnson, drawing in that portion of his anatomy, shot out his head. This was too much for Johnny. The contest might have been prolonged had the countryman known a little even of the game and jumped back with the idea of "not taking any," but when Johnny Hughes found this boxing chump exposing the most vital portion of his body flesh and blood could not stand the chance. Out popped the right of Johnny Hughes, and down went Johnson, of Oldham, before the first round had been completed. We are sorry for the spectators, we are sorry for the purse-finders, we are sorry for Jack Haggerty, and we are also sorry that such a mass of boxing incompetency as Dave Johnson, of Oldham, could have found backing and training expenses, while good men are walking about praying for same. The Contest: Round 1, and last.—Johnson, who appeared much too big, led several times at the outset, but though he discoloured Hughes's chest slightly, the Londoner got level easily. Hughes displayed great smartness, and snicked and uppercut in a masterly way. It was very soon evident that Johnson had tackled something quite out of his reach, and no one wanted to take even 50 to 1 about the Oldham man. When they had boxed for a minute and a half Hughes had his man in difficulties, and hitting him simultaneously on the jaw and the wind, brought him to the boards. Johnson tried to rise, but in doing so fell over face downwards, and was counted out. Thus ended a most disappointing contest. The spectators were astonished at the suddenness of Johnson's collapse, although the majority never really expected him to stand up long before the Cockney. Hughes's condition reflected credit upon his trainers, and it was generally deplored that he was not given a better opportunity of showing what he was really capable of. In addition to the principal contest there were two competitions and several exhibition spars, including one by the Hughes Brothers, known as "The Midgets."

SATURDAY NIGHT AT WONDERLAND.

A FINE NIGHT'S SPORT.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCcess, is an old motto, and has been exemplified in all branches of life. Since Joe Smith started the Saturday entertainments at this popular resort he has left all rivals behind, and has undoubtedly won the title of champion promoter by a distance. It is owing to THE MIRROR OF LIFE that the two great international contests between Jack Everhardt and Tom Ireland, and Frank Craig (the "Coffee Cooler") and George Gardiner (middleweight champion of New England), take place at this establishment. The officials last Saturday were the usual ones, our representative in his old position as referee, Bob Trott (one of the best trainers in the land), timekeeper; while the M.C. was Ben Harris, whose tongue is longer than Dixon's record. Details: Six Rounds Contest: Bill Dickenson beat Sid Caley.—The last-named has not the experience of Dickenson, but at the opening meeting he went great guns, taking a long lead. Both were tired during the next round, very little damage being done. Dickenson let himself go in the third round, and after gamely contesting the next, Caley retired. Six Rounds Contest: Bert Adams beat Nat Keyser. — The first-named met with his only defeat a week previous, and then paid the penalty of fighting when ill. He is training for his contest with "Ponk" Andrews for £25 a-side and a £30 purse, the bout being a side dish the night Craig and Gardiner meet. Adams improved on all previous battles, but Keyser is a rare game lad and took a terrific hiding, and in the third round the M.C. stopped the bout. Keyser was strong, and it was (as we told Ben Harris) the referee's place to stop the bout, and as Keyser was as likely to get the right home before the end of the six rounds it was a pity that Harris went further than his duty allowed. Six Rounds Contest: Bill Sadler beat Bill Lewis.—The first-named had the advantage in weight, but the bantams made a grand battle of it. In the last two rounds Sadler's strength told its tale, and he won on points. Four Rounds Trial: Mike Casey and Teny Amor.—Light, but scientific. Charley McKeever was introduced and met with the same flattering reception that George Gardiner and Jack Everhardt had previously met with. One of McKeever's best battles was his drawn fight with Everhardt, and a battle (if he beats "Dido" Plumb) between him and Gardiner would bring a full house. Mr. Humpreys acts as his manager, and after the battle with "Dido" other arrangements will be made. Six Rounds Contest: Alf Leeper beat Fred Reid.—The first-named is one of the few genuine fighters who always try, and through the summer he has placed many victories to his record. After sending Reid down twice he ended the bout at the third time of asking. Reid should make a note that the pivot blow is a foul hit, and anyone that tries it after a caution will be disqualified. Joe Barrett was introduced, and this winner of the 8st 6lb champion belt is sure of a large audience to witness the many good contests billed to meet on the occasion of his benefit. Four Rounds Exhibition: Ted Ware (who started training with Ireland last Monday for the fight of his life, *i.e.*, that with "Jewey" Cooke on the night of the Ireland — Everhardt battle) and Bill Chester (who wishes to meet Tom Hogan again). Bill Fielder was accorded a flattering reception and his benefit announced for Monday, August 27. There is a bet between Barrett and Fielder as to who has the biggest house and the best boxing. Both are trying to beat the other's programme, and many bouts not billed will appear as extras. THE MIRROR OF LIFE acts as referee on both occasions. Six Rounds Contest: "Dummy" Forrest beat Bill Long.—This was all in favour of Long, but we did not stop the bout as "Dummy" was strong. This proved different to the bout Ben Harris stopped, as when it seemed the Bank of England to a farthing Forrest sent his opponent to sleep. This was in the fifth round, but Forrest should not do so much of "Pedlar" Palmer's clever work, but go in to win. "Dummy" is a good lad if he does this, and would make a rare battle with anyone under 7st in England.

H. PRESSEY BEING AGAIN stationed at Portsmouth and not being satisfied with his last defeat by Dick Ashton, would like to fight him again ten or fifteen rounds for the best purse offered and as large a side stake as he can find, but if a purse is not obtainable H. Pressey will fight him in private for the side stake alone. This is open to any other 9st lad in Hampshire.

CHARLEY KNOCK, OF LONDON, will box the winner of the Rodgers and Laycock contest fifteen or twenty rounds, at 9st 8lb or catch-weight, for the best purse offered. An answer through this paper will oblige.

GEORGE DUNNY WILL BOX ANY lad in the north of England fifteen rounds, 2min a round, at 7st 4lb, for the best purse offered.

BOB FITZSIMMONS.

Who Knocked Out Gus Ruhlin in Six Rounds at the Twentieth Century Athletic Club, Madison Square Garden, New York City, U.S.A., August 10, 1900.

GUS RUHLIN,

The Akron Giant, and Late Conqueror of Tom Sharkey, who was Knocked Out in Six Rounds by Bob Fitzsimmons at the Twentieth Century Athletic Club, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

BOB FITZSIMMONS

KNOCKS OUT

GUS RUHLIN

IN SIX ROUNDS.

(Special Report from Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

NEW YORK, AUGUST 11, 1900.

In a fight that for punishment, slugging, and blood excelled anything ever seen in the East since the Horton Law went into effect, Robert Fitzsimmons, the man who is now justly entitled to a fight with Jeffries, the present heavy-weight champion, literally beat Gus Ruhlin, of Akron, Ohio, into a state of unconsciousness in the sixth round at the Madison Square Garden last night. Ruhlin, because, of his signal victory over Sharkey last June, was considered a coming man in the heavy-weight class. It has been said of him that, coached by Corbett and Madden, he had developed into a pugilist capable of winning the laurels away from Jeffries, to say nothing of defeating the veteran Fitzsimmons, who was knocked out by Jeffries a year ago. It was also said of Ruhlin that he would show in last night's fight improved form, increased speed and wonderful ability in every respect. Ruhlin had the public support so far as the betting went, though there was so much Fitzsimmons' money floating about that no odds either way existed when it came time for the men to put up their hands. But before the mill had been under way two rounds it was demonstrated beyond the question of a doubt that Fitzsimmons was by no means played out, and was there to put up a fight far better than anything he has shown since he whipped Corbett at Carson City. From almost the first sound of the bell Fitzsimmons out-fought and out-generalled Ruhlin. The latter was at times helpless in point of scientific methods, and was also at sea as to the proper way in which to conduct the battle. Ruhlin probably depended upon the clever advice of Corbett and Madden, but in that dependence he went too far. Fitzsimmons put up such a fast fight from the start that Ruhlin had no time to think, and in that way he was soon bewildered. In the second round Fitzsimmons showed what a terrible puncher he is by landing a left hook straight upon the jaw and then whipping it fairly into the pit of the stomach. The latter blow doubled Ruhlin up like a jack-knife, and was really powerful enough to take all of his steam away. Ruhlin went down hard and took a full count. He was in such distress that when he went to his corner it did not seem possible for him to continue, but his seconds fixed him up and his remarkable physique brought him around so that in the third round he was pretty well recovered. Still Fitzsimmons had the better of it from that time to the end, and whenever he landed a punch upon a vital spot he had the big Ohio fighter staggering all over the ring. Ruhlin began the battle just as he did with Sharkey. He did not rush, but he gradually forced matters, attempting to jolt Fitzsimmons's head with straight lefts. Fitz, however, was on to this style, and offset it with constant punching in the body. During the first round Ruhlin, with these left-hand blows, shook Fitzsimmons considerably, but he did not have enough power in them to put the Cornishman down. Right there Fitzsimmons discovered that Ruhlin was not such a great puncher as he had been led to believe, and that he could take chances at him where he could not with a man like Jeffries. So after that, Fitzsimmons, no matter how hard Ruhlin tried to hit him, never broke ground, and took many of Gus's punches in the face just to show how weak they were. There was one period in the fight where Fitzsimmons held his face out and let Ruhlin hit him at will. That was in the fourth round, and though Ruhlin had the mark in front of him, and hit it half-a-dozen times, he could not even stagger Fitz with any of his blows. After Ruhlin was floored in the second round he was clearly rattled. In the third round he stood up and tried to mix it blow for blow with Fitz, but the Cornishman's terrific smashes beat Gus off and had him in trouble. Again in the fourth, Fitz put it all over his man, and knocked him down with a smash on the jaw. Ruhlin was bleeding and groggy all through the round. He was in the same condition during the fifth, and did not have a punch in him. Fitz at this stage took matters very coolly, and laughed at the spectators over Ruhlin's shoulder whenever the pair got into a clinch. Corbett gave constant and frantic advice from outside of the ring, and upon one occasion he had to be suppressed by the police. In fact, it seemed to be a case of rattles all around in the Ruhlin camp. When the last round came Fitz simply slugged Ruhlin until the big man did not know what was going on. Ruhlin did not have strength enough to hold up his hands and was blind from the blood that flowed from his eyes, nose, and mouth. The knock-out was one of the cleanest ever administered, and was the result of a terrific left-hand hook, straight under the point of the jaw. Prior to this blow Ruhlin was knocked down with a storm of blows and Fitzsimmons put on the finishing touches. Gus was beaten to a standstill then. Ruhlin's defeat, while a surprise, was so clean cut that their can be nothing but praise for Fitzsimmons. Fitz had evidently mapped out his plans and followed them to the letter. He showed that he could take any kind of punches without weakening, aad though he got a number of solid belts in the face—one which cut open his left eye—Bob was never anxious to retreat. In fact, he forced the fight from start to finish. Sometimes he was rushing with blows so quickly delivered that they could not be counted, and at other times he was shuffling about, apparently tired out. But this latter performance was one of Fitz's little pleasantries which he has indulged in before, and with it he succeeded in completely fooling his opponent. Corbett was on to Fitz's game, however, and kept constantly warning Ruhlin to look out for this and that punch, and true to Corbett's advice Fitzsimmons inevitably cut loose all of a sudden with some kind of smash that had danger in it. Fitz demonstrated beyond the question of a doubt that when he is fit as he was last night he is a pugilistic phenomenon. He put up a far better argument than he did with Jeffries, and showed that his knowledge of ring tactics cannot be well excelled. Ruhlin, while game and willing, lacked the science. He did not have Sharkey in front of him and his defeat put Sharkey so far down the ladder that it is doubtful whether he will receive a chance to get to the top again for some time to come. Fitz's victory puts him up next to Jeffries, and as the champion has declared a willingness to fight anybody before September 1, perhaps a match may be arranged. But Fitzsimmons in the meantime has a battle on with Sharkey, which, in view of the result of last night's encounter, looks like a little easy money for the Cornishman. Fitzsimmons showed that he has retained all his hitting powers, and that although he is an old man to-day, so to speak, he is young in point of physical strength and condition. He stripped in magnificent shape, never having looked better in all his life. Yet, when compared to Ruhlin, in point of build and general make up, Bob appeared to be so greatly overmatched that he seemed to have no chance, but with science and punching Fitz showed that a man need not always be a giant to whip another, either in the ring or out of it. The fight itself was one of the most desperate that has yet been seen here, or, in fact, anywhere. There was plenty of action in every round, also plenty of blood, both men bleeding freely from the third round to the end. There was very little fancy sparring, absolutely no roughing in clinches, and perfect fairness on the part of both principals. Ruhlin was severely punished, and for a few moments after he had been dragged unconscious to his corner it looked as if he might have been quite seriously injured, but his strength pulled him out. During the fight in the ring there was a fight among the spectators just outside of it, and the police took a hand, which wound up with the ejection of several pugnacious individuals. The crowd was one of the largest that has ever been in the Garden, and the gate receipts must have topped all records The prices asked were 3dols, 5dols, 7dols, 10dols, 15dols, and 20dols. Much sympathy was expressed for Ruhlin and his manager, William Madden, for Gus seemed to be upon the high road to success in his profession, but his defeat only shows that a man in order to be a champion pugilist must possess natural cleverness and skill in addition to physical power, also that he must conduct his fights from plans developed in his own head, and not in the heads of others.

THE MEN IN THE RING.

When the fighters in the preliminary had left the ring the master of ceremonies announced that Fitz and Ruhlin would be on hand in five minutes. There were fully 12,000 men present at the time. From the dressing-rooms came the information that Fitz would have for his seconds George Dawson, Jeff Thorne, Bob Armstrong, and Dan Hickey. Fitzsimmons said that he weighed 162 pounds. Ruhlin's seconds were Jem Corbett, William Madden, and Charley Goff. Gus tipped the scales at 194. His timekeeper was Al Smith, and Percy Williams had the watch for Fitz. Before the men came out the ring was covered with a fresh supply of resin, and the corners were mopped up. There was plenty of betting going on during the wait, most of it being at even money. Sam Harris, McGovern's manager, offered to bet 1,000 dols. to 2,000 dols. that Fitz. would win inside of ten rounds. That was about the prevailing odds on the length of the fight. Fitzsimmons was the first to appear. He came down the stairway from the northeast of the garden, and the crowd promptly recognised him and cheered. When he reached the floor Ruhlin came down the south-east stairway, and both made their way to the ring at once. Fitz got through the ropes first. He wore a long white bath robe, and bowed pleasantly to those who greeted him. He looked in splendid shape. Both of his hands were heavily bandaged with adhesive tape. He brought with him a pair of gloves and placed them upon the paper package containing the mits provided by the club. Fitz did not sit down at once, but walked around the ring, side stepping and trying the boards. As Ruhlin got through the ropes Fitz eyed him critically and turned away. The difference in the size of the men was most noticeable. Ruhlin stripped at once, and met Fitz in the middle of the ring, where they shook hands. Fitz showed his specially made gloves to Madden, and asked if he could wear them. The paper package was opened, and there was a short pow-wow, after which Fitz took his original set to his chair. Ruhlin's seconds took his gloves and twisted them up so that the knuckles would not be too far away from the surface. Fitz threw aside his bath-robe, showing a pair of pink trunks and a belt made of little American flags. Ruhlin wore a canvas breechcloth. Corbett went over into Fitzsimmons's corner to represent Ruhlin and put on the Cornishman's gloves. Jem and Bob chatted together pleasantly and did not not look as if they had the slightest bit of feeling toward each other except that of friendship. While the men were getting ready John L. Sullivan's benefit of August 29 was announced, and then the pugilists were called to the centre of the ring. Ruhlin looked the giant that he is. He was bigger than Fitz in every way. He towered above him half a head and looked powerful enough to twist the Cornishman in two in a wrestling match. Ruhlin appeared just a bit nervous, but that was probably because he did not like to delay matters. Fitz was cool and self-possessed. The conditions of the fight were twenty-five rounds at catch-weight. When Fitz was introduced there was a wild yell from gallery and floor, and there was a still louder yell for Ruhlin. Charley White, the referee, then got into the ring and called the men to the centre for a few brief instructions. They were ready to go on at 10.10 o'clock.

THE CONTEST BY ROUNDS.

Round 1. Ruhlin forced the issue by advancing to close quarters. He did a little feinting and Fitz swung a hard left that landed on the ear. Ruhlin came again and Fitz pounded the body with a right. Fitz feinted with the left and shot the right for the ribs, but Fitz was too far away. Fitz laughed and ran away from a rush. Fitz came in then with a left and right to the head, but Ruhlin countered him on the neck with a stiff left and swung the right heavily to the neck. Ruhlin jolted him on the jaw with a straight left again, and hooked the same hand again to the ear. Ruhlin rushed with heavy blows right and left, Fitz clinching. Gus was very fast, and Fitz had no time to hit him with any kind of blow. Ruhlin stayed in close with more punches until Fitz finally with a terrific right on the ear made Gus stand still. Fitz then ran in with a mix-up, and with left and right to the jaw he had Ruhlin clearly puzzled. Still Ruhlin, with his great strength, rushed Bob to the ropes and pounded his body and head in blind fashion. Ruhlin mixed it hotly, and both landed heavy smashes on the head. Ruhlin staggered Fitz with a left, but Fitz, with a counter on the mouth, drew the blood. Ruhlin hooked another left to the jaw, and Fitz, throwing his arm around Ruhlin, slipped down, the blood flowing from his left eye. There was something the matter with the bell, and Fitz stopped fighting. Ruhlin hit him on the head, and as the seconds were jumping through the ropes the referee separated the men. Round 2. Ruhlin immediately went in, with rapid swings he cut open Fitz's eye again, but Fitz stood in close, and with a terrific right on the jaw he made Ruhlin stagger. Fitz put in another fearful smash, and the blood poured out of Ruhlin's mouth. Fitz then hurried matters, and with the left in the stomach he made Ruhlin back away. Ruhlin was clearly dazed. His hands went down and he did not seem to know what to do. Fitz rushed matters and they got into a mix-up, both landing terrific punches on the head. Both were bleeding, but Ruhlin was backing away. Fitz rushed, and with left and right on the head he made Ruhlin stagger. Ruhlin now clinched and lowered his head every time Fitz came in. Bob punched him with both hands, and with a left hook on the jaw he made Ruhlin tumble back into the ropes. Fitz rained in the blows and Ruhlin was bothered. A left on the jaw knocked Ruhlin up against the ropes again, and he staggered out dazed. Fitz put in left and right to the head again, and with a fearful left into the stomach he knocked Ruhlin upon his hands and knees. Ruhlin took a count, and when he got up Fitz went after him for a knock-out, but there was no time and the bell saved Ruhlin. Round 3. Ruhlin opened with a rush, planting his left squarely into Fitz's face. Fitz came close and swung both hands to the head. He raised a lump over Ruhlin's left eye, and with a swing on the head he made Ruhlin retreat to his corner. Fitz now stood in with short, heavy hooks until he had Ruhlin's nose and mouth bleeding again. Ruhlin used a straight left on Fitz's mouth and eye for blood, but Fitz never weakened and kept on smashing the big fellow in the head and in the stomach. Ruhlin stood up to the assault and used a straight left. Fitz rushed blindly, and Ruhlin getting tired began to clinch heavily. Fitz showed signs of weariness, too, and both men let up in their work. Ruhlin jolted the left eye with a left, but Fitz hooked him on the jaw and sent him staggering across the ring. Fitz was slower than before, and apparently tired. He drove a great left into the stomach, and Ruhlin clinched. Ruhlin took a chance with the right and had Fitz in trouble, but Fitz quickly turned with left and right to the head, making Ruhlin stagger. Both were tired, and in a clinch they rolled on the ropes until the referee separated them. They were at a standstill when the bell rang. Round 4. Fitz opened with a left hook on the jaw, and then rushed with a left and right on the head, Ruhlin backing hard into a post. Ruhlin crouched low in Jeffries' style, but Fitz, after blocking a swing, jumped in with more smashes on the face, and a body punch that brought a clinch. Fitz was deliberate after that. Ruhlin jabbed him in the face with the left, but it had little effect. Fitz tried swings, and chased his man half-way around the ring. Ruhlin was unsteady, and in clinches he laid his weight on Fitz's body. Fitz took his time and seemed to be tired. He was faking, however, for the next moment he let loose a left for the stomach that made the big man retreat. Ruhlin was slow as a cart-horse with all of his blows, and seemed weakening. Fitz mixed it with him, and finally, with swing after swing, he knocked Ruhlin down. A right split open Ruhlin's eye, and when the round ended the Akron man was in very bad shape. Corbett made a demonstration in his corner, and was warned by the police to keep quiet. Round 5. Fitz immediately started with a light rush, and then threw the right over the neck. Ruhlin was weak, and had no strength in his punches. Fitz, on the other hand, was strong, and seemed to follow out a perfect system, getting in close. Fitz walloped the jaw with a left, and when he put the same hand to the stomach Ruhlin hung on. Ruhlin tried his left with all the force he could, but Fitz paid no attention to it, and with fearful smashes on the head he covered Ruhlin's face with blood. Ruhlin had a lump on his right eye the size of a hen's egg, and Fitz hammered it at once with a left. Ruhlin landed half-a-dozen in Fitz's face, but he did not have enough power even to stagger the veteran. Bob was laughing over Ruhlin's shoulder in a clinch, and seemed to be taking his time. Fitz finally began to hurry matters, and with body blows and facers he made Ruhlin clinch for all he was worth. Fitz simply out-fought his man at every stage. He slugged him into a groggy state, and with a right on the jaw he made Ruhlin drop his hands and lay himself helplessly against Fitz's breast. Ruhlin rallied gamely, but his blows were wide of the mark, and when the bell rang Fitz was once more punching him into a state of absolute distress. Ruhlin walked unsteadily to his corner, his face covered with bruises. Both of Fitz's eyes were swelling Round 6. Fitz came out briskly, and drove a left to the stomach. Ruhlin put left and right into the body, but Fitz did not pay any attention to the blows, and hooked the big fellow in the mouth with a left that drew more blood. Ruhlin was awkward to a fault. He did not seem to know how to fight, and simply wobbled around the ring like a big elephant. Fitz followed in an unconcerned manner, and took every facer that Ruhlin sent in. Gus had no force in his punches, while Fitz was hitting like a trip hammer. Fitz finally got his man to the ropes and shook him from head to heel with a smash on the jaw. Fitz then rushed, and with a right on the jaw and a left in the stomach he knocked Ruhlin down. Gus took a full count from the referee, and when he regained his

footing he was reeling about with no idea how to defend himself or how to fight. Fitz, seeing his opportunity, threw caution to the winds and went after his man pell-mell. With a left in the stomach he almost sent his big antagonist to the floor again, and would have done so had not Ruhlin gripped him around the neck. When they got free Fitz cut loose with a perfect storm of smashes. Ruhlin was bewildered The punches were coming from all directions, and he did not know how to stave them off. In the jaw, on the neck, on the bruised eye and mouth, in the stomach, on the ribs, and, in fact, upon every part of Ruhlin's anatomy above the belt Fitzsimmons rained his deadly punches. It was like felling a tree. Ruhlin tottered and wavered, until finally, while he was moving his arms convulsively up and down, Fitzsimmons hooked a tremendous left under the chin which raised Ruhlin off the floor and made him pitch over on his head. It was the decisive blow, for Ruhlin was knocked out so cleanly that there was no necessity of a count from the referee. Fitzsimmons stood to one side, waiting to see if his man still had strength enough to get up, but as soon as Ruhlin's seconds jumped into the ring and began to lift him the Cornishman knew he had won. The crowd, which for the moment had been spellbound, broke into a wild demonstration, and the cheering was deafening. Fitz immediately sat down and his seconds proceeded to fix up his damaged eye. Ruhlin was dragged to his chair in an unconscious condition. The police jumped into the ring, and with them came many of the spectators, who were hustled about in rough fashion. Ruhlin's seconds worked over him for ten minutes before he was able to stand up, but finally when he did get on his feet he was able to walk to his dressing room without assistance. Ruhlin had a very badly bruised face, and his body was severely punished. When the fighters had disappeared and Fitz had received the usual ovation the police cleared the building and the lights were lowered.

MEASUREMENTS OF THE MEN.

RUHLIN.		FITZSIMMONS.
6 ft. 1¼ inches	Height	5 ft. 11¼ inches
195 pounds	Weight	170 pounds
79 inches	Reach	75 inches
17 inches	Neck	16 inches
41½ inches	Chest	44 inches
43½ inches	Chest Expanded	48 inches
35 inches	Waist	38 inches
23 inches	Thigh	23 inches
17 inches	Calf	14 inches
8 inches	Wrist	7½ inches
13½ inches	Forearm	11½ inches
13½ inches	Biceps	14½ inches
28 years	Age	37 years'

WHAT THE VICTOR SAYS:

It was with great difficulty that Fitzsimmons was able to get to his dressing-room. The crowd was so dense that the police had all they could do to clear the way. "I'm too old, am I?" were the first words that Fitz said. "Well, I guess I am young enough to make things hum for some people. I don't like to go ahead and speak in this strain, but I cannot refrain from speaking my mind at this stage, after all the abuse some folks have heaped upon me since I lost the championship. I was not in good trim when beaten by Jeffries. To tell you the honest truth, I took things very easy in that mill, and had to pay the penalty. After the first round to-night I had no fear of the result. Ruhlin was a very fast fellow. He landed very often on me, but his knocks lacked steam and force. In the opening rounds I took things decidedly easy, doing this to size my man up. I made it look as though I was slow and heavy, but it was just the manner in which I mapped out the contest. The bell hampered me more than once. The sound was too faint for anyone to hear it. For this reason I had to be very careful at times Ruhlin is a game fellow, but he was susceptible to my body blows. These punches really licked him. As soon as I realised that I could get to him with my left shift and right cross I knew I had him. His blows did not even annoy me. Some of Ruhlin's smashes landed clean on my jaw, but they had no effect. Only once in the fight did my right arm hurt me. That was in clinches, for Gus is very strong, and roughed it with all his might." "What do you intend to do now?" asked the reporter. "Well, I will go after Sharkey now," was the reply. "I shall rest for about a week, and then start in to train once more. I don't think I will require more than two good weeks to get in fine fighting trim. My ambition is to regain the championship. I have no doubt as to my chance with Sharkey, and if I defeat him Jeffries cannot fail to give me first chance."

GUS RUHLIN SAYS:

"I did my best, and have no complaint to offer. Fitzsimmons is a great fighter—in fact, the best I have ever met. I thought I could beat him, but the veteran proved too much for me. I do not think I fought as well as when I met Sharkey. I was slow, and although I had my man almost out early in the contest, was unable to finish him. Although Fitz won, I think he will remember the battle for a long time to come. In the early rounds I gave him enough punishment to beat any ordinary man, but it did not phase him. Fitzsimmons, despite his age, is a stronger man than people give him credit for. He can handle himself like a ten-year-old, and has a punch that can defeat any man in the world if it reaches the spot. I take my hat off to Fitz, but I think my showing entitles me to another match."

RUHLIN'S MANAGER SAYS:

Billy Madden, manager of Ruhlin, says: "Ruhlin was stale and did not put up the fight I thought he would. He was slow and sluggish, and fought in a way that surprised me. I gave him a few days' rest, and I thought that it would do him good. But, as you know, I was mistaken. It's all in the fortunes of war, and we must take them as they come. We are not through as yet, and will keep coming all the time. I still think Ruhlin is Fitz's master, and all that we want is a little time. Ruhlin's defeat to-night is no disgrace. No person who saw him put up his hands can honestly say that Ruhlin did not fight like a man and take his medicine gamely. He met a man who was in better trim, and whose blows had enough power behind them. The smashes which Gus received in the body did more than anything else. It made him forget his cleverness, and he started in to slug. This was just what Bob wanted, and you know the rest. As I said, I am not going to give up the ship. I think Ruhlin is a champion, and that he can beat more people than can whip him."

JEM JEFFRIES'S OPINION.

"It looked like Fitz from the start. He fought a good, cautious battle from the beginning. I knew Ruhlin could not defeat Fitzsimmons. He beat Sharkey because the latter was out of condition and careless with his hands. It was different, however, when he tackled 'Lanky Bob.' Now, if Fitz thinks he can win the championship, I am open to make a match with him at once. I think I can defeat him again, but he must agree to my terms to get on a match."

BOB FITZSIMMONS' CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH.

In regard to the numerous inquiries concerning the age of Bob Fitzsimmons, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, to decide this question once and for all, sent to Somerset House, London, and received the following certificate:—

B 22603

CERTIFIED COPY of an Entry in a REGISTER of BIRTHS (6 & 7 Wm. IV., cap. 86).

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON.

SUPERINTENDENT REGISTRAR'S DISTRICT Helston

1863. BIRTHS in the Sub-District of Helston in the County of Cornwall

No.	When and where Born	Name, if any	Sex	Name and Surname of Father	Name and Maiden Surname of Mother	Rank or Profession of Father	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant	When Registered	Signature of Registrar	Baptismal Name, if added after Registration of Birth
273	Twentyninth May 1863 Wendron Street Helston	Robert	Boy	James Fitzsimmons	Jane Fitzsimmons formerly Strongman	Borough Police	James Fitzsimmons Father Wendron Street Helston	Twenty third June 1863	Guy Reg Registrar	—

CERTIFIED to be a true Copy of an Entry in the Certified Copy of a Register of Births in the District above mentioned.

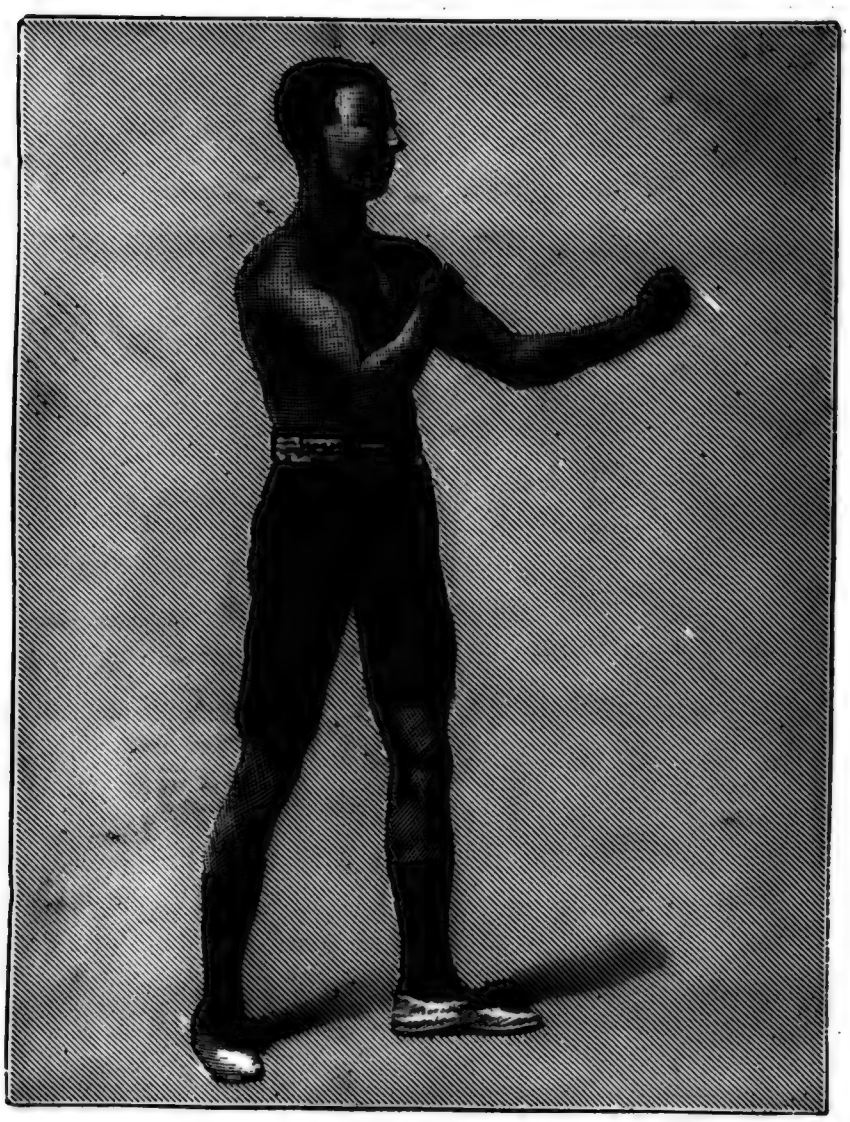
Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON, under the Seal of the said Office, the 15th day of May 1899.

By the Act of 6 and 7 William IV., c. 86, sec. 38, it is enacted, "That the Registrar-General shall cause to be made a Seal of the said Register Office, and the "Registrar-General shall cause to be sealed or stamped therewith all Certified Copies of Entries given in the said Office; and all Certified Copies of Entries, "purporting to be sealed with the Seal of the said Register Office shall be received as evidence of the Birth, Death, or Marriage, to which the same relates, "without any further or other proof of such Entry; and no Certified Copy purporting to be given in the said Office shall be of any force or effect which is not "Sealed or Stamped as aforesaid."

By sec. 37 of the same Act it is enacted that, "for every *general search* of the Indexes shall be paid the sum of *twenty shillings*, and for every *particular search* "the sum of *one shilling*, and for every Certificated Copy the sum of *two shillings and sixpence*;" exclusive of Inland Revenue Stamp (54 & 55 Vic., c. 39; of *one penny*.

The Act 24 & 25 Vict., c 98, sec. 36, enacts that whosoever shall "unlawfully destroy, deface, or injure, or cause or permit to be destroyed, defaced, or "injured, any Register of Births, Baptisms, Marriages, Deaths, or Burials.....or any Certified Copy of any such Register, or any part thereof, or shall forge or "fraudulently alter, in any such Register, any Entry relating to any Birth, Baptism, Marriage, Death, or Burial.....or any Certified Copy of such Register or of "any part thereof.....or shall forge or counterfeit the seal of or belonging to any Register Office.....or shall offer, utter, dispose of, or put off any such Register, "Entry, Certified Copy, Certificate, or Seal knowing the same to be false, forged or altered shall be guilty of Felony, and be liable to Penal Servitude, or to Imprisonment with Hard Labour.

BOXING AT HULL. — A GOOD night's entertainment and some good sport was witnessed last Thursday night at Prof. Geo. Campbell's saloon, when a 10st 6lb competition was got through for the local championship at the above weight. The proceedings started with a three rounds exhibition spar with two dockside men who declined to be announced by any other terms than "Paddy" and "Mick." A very laughable spar. This over, decks were cleared for action, to resort to the naval term, and the first heat was staged at 9 p.m. There were six entries. 10st 6lb Competition: Joe Gee beat G. Fleming.—This a good bout. Gee scoring faster in the two rounds. Fleming woke up in the last. Effort too late. Gee the winner. Ostrick beat Westerdale.—Only one man in this. Referee intervened, stopped contest, and declared Ostrick winner of a very one-sided affair. Turpin beat Banks.—This was a rare slogging bout. Hard knocks, rushes, and clinches. Turpin winner. Semi-final: Gee beat Turpin.—Hurricane pace. Turpin could not stay. Gee the winner. Three Rounds Exhibition: Harry Smith (Birmingham) and Tom McDonald.—A good spar, with plenty of energy infused, meeting with a good reception from the audience. Final: Gee beat Ostrick.—First round evenly contested. Second round Gee slipped himself with a bit up his sleeve. Ostrick declined to come up for the third meeting. Judgment by default. Gee the winner. Referee, Prof. G. Campbell (elected by the audience), timekeeper, Jem Humphreys; bottle-holder, Ike Waudby; seconds: Harry Smith, Dominick (of Leeds), Tom McDonald, and Sam Brown.



BEN JORDAN,
Of Bermondsey, Now in America to Meet Terry McGovern, the "Brooklyn Terror."

DAVE PETRIE. MARTIN MCNEIL. ALEC SPARROW. TOM CONNERS.

A GROUP OF MANCHESTER SPORTS.

"QUITE UP TO DATE YOU KNOW."
She Was Too Smart and Too Experienced for Their Job.

MONKEY GOES FOR HER PRETTY BONNET,
But is Seized in Time to Save that Article from Destruction.

GEORGE TURFERRY,
The Winner of Doggett's Coat and Badge, and his Trainer, W. Reeves.

ORDERED HIS WIFE OUT OF THE BATHING COMPANY.
The Officer Did Not Wish to See her Admired.

(Continued from page 11.)

A CHANCE FOR BILLY PLIMMER AND OTHERS.

LAST FRIDAY WE RECEIVED A visit from Mr. J. Wilson Manning, a prominent sporting man from Boston, U.S.A., who intends to bring from America the following lads, all of whom have done good work over the Pond: "Spider" Kelly, champion light-weight of the Pacific Coast; Dal Hawkins, of California; Jemmy Handler, of Newark, N.J.; and Sammy Kelly, of New York. The above will sail for England about the first week in September. Mr. Manning is willing to match "Spider" Kelly, champion light-weight of the Pacific Coast, twenty three-minute rounds for a side bet and the best purse offered with any 9st 9lb lad in England. He will also back Sammy Kelly for any amount desired to meet Billy Plimmer at 8st 4lb, twenty three-minute rounds for the best purse offered. This gentleman will match Jemmy Handler, of Newark, N.J., with any middle-weight in Great Britain for side stake and best offer. The contest to be twenty three-minute rounds. All communications to be addressed to THE MIRROR OF LIFE. Mr. Manning will also match Dal Hawkins, of California, with any 9st 7lb lad in England to contest twenty three-minute rounds for side stake and the best purse offered. Mr. Manning stipulates that the contestants are to weigh in at two o'clock day of contest.

CONTESTS AT SHEFFIELD.—Albert Rodgers v. Percy Laycock for £65.—These well-known Sheffield boxers met last Monday night to contest the best of twenty rounds, each of two minutes' duration, at catch-weight, with 4oz gloves, for £25 a-side and a purse of £15, given by Tommy Garside. The pair had met three times previously, Rodgers having won on two occasions and Laycock one. Tommy Garside, of Sheffield, was referee, and Mr. Taylor, of Leeds, timekeeper. The contest was a hard-fought one whilst it lasted. In the first round Laycock forced the work, and after a lot of hard body hitting in holds they separated, Rodgers knocking Laycock down with a right-handed uppercut, and having the best of the round. The second was also slightly in favour of Rodgers, who in the third again sent Laycock to the boards. The fourth, fifth, and sixth rounds were fought at a fast rate, neither being able to claim an advantage, whilst the seventh was a scrambling one. The eighth was an equal one, but Rodgers had the best of the ninth. Beginning the tenth, Laycock fought fiercely and knocked Rodgers down with a right-hander on the jaw. He was no sooner up than Laycock again sent him down with the right, and although he struggled to his feet, he was so dazed that he could hardly stand. Then Laycock hooked him with both hands on the head, and swung him down face foremost to the side of the ring, where he lay until counted out, the verdict going to Laycock.

There was a fair attendance at the City B.C. on Saturday night, when, in addition to several bouts of exhibition boxing, a contest was decided between Young Cockney, of London, and E. Parkin, of Sheffield, who were to box twelve rounds at catch-weight. Young Cockney, who has taken part in several contests at this club, is seventeen years old, stands 5ft 2in, and scaled 7st 7lb. Parkin, who is seventeen, was two inches less in height, and 7lb in weight, than Cockney, was placed at a great disadvantage. The first and second rounds were quiet, both being very cautious. The third meeting was more vigorous, Cockney having the best of matters. In the fourth Parkin forced the work, and managed to send Cockney down. Opening the fifth round, it was quite evident that Parkin's previous exertions had taken a lot out of him, and the round ended in favour of Cockney. The sixth proved the last, as half-way through Cockney swung the right hard on Parkin's jaw, knocking the Sheffielder out of time.

AT JOE BARRETT'S BENEFIT AT Wonderland on Saturday, August 25, there will be eight great glove contests. Ten rounds contest: "Dummy" Forrest (Bethnal Green) v. Bill Long (Kingsland). Special great ten rounds contest: Dick Parkes (Tottenham) v. Len Soden (Tottenham). Ten rounds contest: Jem Sweeney (Stratford) v. Nat Keyser (Spitalfields). Ten rounds contest: Archie Wright (Meat Market) v. Tom Longley (Hoxton). Four eight rounds contests between Jack Hennessey (Mile End) v. Bill Whitelaw (St. Luke's); Alf Leeper (Canning Town) v. Tom King (Aldgate); Jem Rush (St. James's) v. Bill Lewis (Bethnal Green); Mike Casey (St. Luke's) v. George Clark (Paddington). Grand wind-up between "Pedlar" Palmer and Joe Barrett.

STOKER J. DORNEY, OF H.M.S. Royal Adelaide, is very sorry to inform James Kirby, of Bermondsey, that he cannot accept his challenge, or anybody else's, on account of being ordered away from Chatham Depot to Harwich.

CHARLEY McKEEVER VISITS "THE MIRROR OF LIFE."

ON THURSDAY CHARLEY McKeever, our newest arrival from America, called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE to pay his compliments. Charley, who is a well set-up, smart young fellow, whose record shows a strong array of active service, was taken in hand by the representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and as the National Sporting Club is usually the Mecca of the American pugilist, our representative took Charley under his wing and escorted the newest American arrival to the house in Covent Garden, there to make his wants known through the instrumentality of THE MIRROR OF LIFE representative to Mr. Bettinson, the manager. It happened that Mr. Bettinson was away, so after our representative had shown Charley over the club, about which the visitor expressed himself in terms of great admiration, an appointment was made for the next day (Friday), when Mr. Bettinson was introduced by our representative to Charley McKeever. Business was soon broached, and on Charley McKeever expressing a desire to meet anyone near his weight (10st 10lb), Mr. Bettinson at once spoke of "Dido" Plumb, who should now be in A1 condition, having only recently returned from Southsea, where, in conjunction with "Ginger" Osborne, he has been training Johnny Hughes for his match with Dave Johnson, of Oldham. Mr. Bettinson promised to communicate with "Dido" Plumb at his house, the Stack Rock, South Hornsey. Should "Dido" Plumb think well of the match, it can easily be fixed up after a meeting of the principals and the usual debate about the size of the purse, weighing in, &c. Mr. Bettinson, has an open date, October 15, so if the men meet and settle matters satisfactorily, that will be the probable date of the contest.

JACK EVERHARDT TO DICK BURGE.—Everhardt wishes Burge to know that he is in the ring for business. He tried all he knew to fix up a match with Dick, but he did not want to wait three or four months before having a fight. Ireland came forward and offered (without a lot of paper talk) to meet him at 9st 10lb for £250 aside. It is very hard work for Everhardt to get to 10st, so they meet on September 3 for £100 a-side and a purse. Everhardt, at 10st, give or take nothing, does not care who he fights, and during the season will meet all that think they have a chance. As regards exhibition matches, Burge should know better than to think Everhardt wants to act as other champions have done, viz., cut somebody up for a bit of money. He has promised the winner of the Cooke-Ware contest a battle two weeks after he meets Ireland (win or lose), and a few others as well. Everhardt was fighting every week or two in America, and will do the same here, if all is well. Anyone that wants a match at 10st to 10st 4lb can be accommodated for £200 a-side, when existing arrangements are completed. This is the answer of Jack Everhardt, the imported champion (whose record is not made up of fake fights) to Dick Burge, the light-weight champion of England.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT AMAteur boxer.—Sportsmen will be sorry to learn that Mr. A. E. Hanks, of the 17th Middlesex Rifles School of Arms, has met with a fatal accident. He was a moulding machinist by trade, and on the 16th inst., whilst working at his bench, a large piece of wood flew back from the machine and hit him in the pit of the stomach, causing severe internal injuries, from which he died in University College Hospital last Friday. Mr. Hanks was the winner of several amateur contests and competitions, and also made a good show in this year's feather championship, being beaten by the ultimate winner, Mr. R. Lee (Stanhope B.C.). The funeral takes place at Ilford Cemetery to-morrow Thursday, at 3 p.m., when all his old clubmates and friends are invited to attend.

JACK McDONALD, OF GLASGOW to Billy Murphy, Staffordshire, or Chad Heald, of Eccleshall.—I, McDonald, should be pleased to box either of the above mentioned at 11st 6lb for the best purse offered in England, Ireland, or Scotland. Failing either of the above mentioned, Paddy McCarrol, of Glasgow, can have a match on same terms.

GEORGE GARDINER COMMENCES training.—George Gardiner, accompanied by his trainer, Owen Kenney, arrived in London from Ballynalacken, Lisloonvarna, Co. Clare, Ireland, where he has been having a grand old time among relatives. Gardiner lost no time shifting his quarters to Chipperfield, where he will train in conjunction with Jack Everhardt, who meets Tommy Ireland on September 3. Gardiner will meet Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler" for the middle-weight championship of England on September 10.

BILL PIKE TO JOHNNY JACOBS.—Pike accepts the purse offered by Bob White to box Jacobs ten rounds at his (White's) next private entertainment.

"DIDO" PLUMB TO DICK BURGE.

HARRY HUGHES, IN RESPONSE TO the challenge of Dick Burge, will back "Dido" Plumb at 10st 12lb for £500 a-side and the N.S.C. purse. If these terms suit Dick Burge can have an immediate match by covering Harry Hughes's deposit at THE MIRROR OF LIFE. This is not bounce, but a bona fide answer to Dick Burge's sweeping challenge.

JOHNNY HUGHES, "DIDO" PLUMB, and "Ginger" Osborne wish to return thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Hatchard, Tom Edwards, Ted Reece, W. Briley, Jack Haggerty, and John Sloan, of Manchester.

JOHNNY HUGHES TO THE WORLD AT 9st 12lb.

JOHNNY HUGHES WILL BOX ANY man in the world at 9st 12lb, nobody barred. First come first served. A deposit at THE MIRROR OF LIFE will at once lead to business up to £500.

WANTED.—TWO THOROUGH GOOD boxers between 8 and 9 stone, and one between 9 and 10 stone. Must be good men, and well up to the business of boxing. Salary £1 a week, everything found. Any lads writing please state their record to Professor Moore, Show Ground, Vicar Lane, Leeds.

"SAILOR" RICHARDSON HAS accepted Bill Fielder's purse to box Alf Fielder on the night of Fielder's benefit at Wonderland, August 27.

OLD JACK HICKS TO ALL Veterans.—Jack Hicks, who is seventy-four years of age, will box any man in England over sixty years for £10 a-side and the purse offered by Bob White at his next private show.

BILL WOOD BEING DISSATISFIED with his defeat, "Wag" Ashley will box him fifteen or twenty rounds for £10 a-side open to £20. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will lead to business.

JACK ALDER (COLOURED), OF Dundee, and Andrew Blake, of Rosewell, have agreed to box the best of ten two-minute rounds, with small gloves, for a favourable purse on September 15.

ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, AT Wonderland, the great international contest for the middle-weight championship and £400: Twenty rounds (of three minutes' duration) between Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler" (Middle-weight champion of Great Britain) v. George Gardiner (middle-weight champion of Ireland). Fifteen rounds contest for £80: "Ponk" Andrews (Bethnal Green) v. Bert Adams (Spitalfields). Fifteen rounds contest for £75: Ernest Brady (Newcastle) v. Archie Wright (London). Fifteen rounds contest for £60: Jack Fitzpatrick (Canning Town) v. "Dummy" Forrest (Bethnal Green). Gardiner and Craig enter the ring at 9.30 punctual. Early doors to avoid the crowd at 6.15. Commence 7.45. The editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE appoints referee and timekeeper. Visitors to Wonderland on this evening will be assured of police protection, as Joe Smith, the promoter, has engaged a large staff of reserve police, who will be in attendance at the hall doors; and intending visitors will find MONEY the only *open sesame*.

BOB KNOTT, WHO, IN THE OLD days, was recognised as one of the best trainers in the land, has renewed acquaintance with his old profession. Under his care Tom Ireland and Ted Ware are bound to be fit enough for the fights of their lives on Monday, September 3, with the American champion Jack Everhardt and "Jewey" Cooke repectively. Bob is open to engagements during the ensuing season, and is at present training at the Crown Hotel, Gravesend.

IN ANSWER TO JOE SEDDON Lander Bevan, of Liverpool, will box him the best of fifteen or twenty rounds at 9st for £25 or £50 a-side, as he has stopped giving away weight. He will also box Harry Brown, the black, of Liverpool, at 9st 4lb, or any other comer in Lancashire or Yorkshire, coloured or otherwise; none barred; first come first served.

ERNEST AYRES,

Better Known as "Curley," of Paddington.

(With Portrait.)

THE following is his record:—Beat Jack Allen, 3rds and 8rds; beat Ike Brockham, 5rds. 8rds, 3rds; won Ted Hollier's 7st and 7st 6lb competitions, won Bill Lee's 7st 6lb competition; won Professor Bill Natty's 7st 10lb competition; won the Brothers James' 8st competition; beat Punch Fenton, 3rds; draw with Bill Hall; a draw with Lew Morgan, 6rds; beat Ike Cooper twice, 4rds; beat Harry Smith, 4rds; beaten by Bill Stonelake, 2rds; beat Sam Connell, 3rds; beat Fred Waller, 9rds; beat Patsy Rourke, 3rds; beat Joe Tyson, 5rds and 6rds; beat Tom McGlennon, 1rd; Fred Smith, 5rds; beaten by C. Exall, 6rds; beaten by Sid Scales, 6rds; beaten by Harry Mansfield, of Bristol.

MISS MINNIE PALMER, AS ROSA Pom Pom, tops a big bill at the Holloway Empire.

JOHN LAWSON AND CO. ARE appearing at the Middlesex this week in the sketch entitled "The Shield of David."

CHIRGWIN HAS REVIVED HIS tuneful song, "A Good Old London Town Girl." He is also warbling "The Blind Boy," which you may have heard also.

GEORGE BASTOW IS HIGHLY appreciated at the London, Shoreditch; his "Story of a Tin-Tack" is novel and clever.

MISS MARIE LOFTUS HAS BEEN "knocking 'em" at the Palace Theatre, Aberdeen. Her reception has been most flattering.

THE ZANETTOS, NOW TOURING through Germany, are due at the Pavilion, Oxford, and Metropolitan in November.

A NEW PANTOMIME SKETCH BY Pinaud and Frazer, entitled "Phantomania," will shortly be produced in London.

GEORGE ALEXANDER WILL RE-open the St. James's Theatre on September 1 with "A Debt of Honour," by Sydney Grundy.

UGO BIONDI WILL PRESENT his new quick-change sketch, "Faustino," at the Canterbury to-morrow (Thursday).

THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE Tivoli will be celebrated on Tuesday, September 4.

"PATRIOTIC BUTTONS" IS THE title of a song Harry Anderson has captured, and is singing with excellent results.

I HEAR THAT MISS CLAIRE Romaine, who is appearing with such success at the Oxford and Tivoli, has been booked both this year and next for pantomime.

THE "PRICE OF PEACE" IS THE up-to-date title of the drama to be shortly produced at Drury Lane Theatre.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE CANTERbury and Paragon have appointed Mr. Miller to manage both these halls. Mr. Miller has long managed the Paragon, and to this fact a great deal of the prosperity of the establishment must be attributed.

GATTI'S (ROAD) HAS BEEN DRAW-ing good houses. A strong programme may here be sampled. Miss Bessie Wentworth, the best "coon" going, is enthusiastically received; her songs "Good-bye Mammie" and "I Am your Baby Coon" are applauded to the echo. Walter Stockwell, with "Fly, Fly, Fly," the dancing of Miss Ida Heath, and many other first-rate turns are all thoroughly appreciated.

AT THE QUEEN'S, POPLAR, Charles Lauri and clever company are delighting many with the great trick pantomime, "On the Roofs." The Sisters Asher, the Two McMays, Miss Maude Wight, Miss Marguerite Broadfoote, Will Reeves, Miss Bertha Winder, Charles Lloyd, Miss Marie Lacey, Barello and Millay, and many other A1 artistes are appearing. Poor Tom White is also largely billed this week to appear with his Arabs. He is now, alas! no more, owing to an attack of pneumonia, which carried him off last Thursday, and it was impossible to keep his name out of the bill. Tom died in harness, for he appeared at two matinées on the preceding Saturday.

AT THE ALHAMBRA THAT MOST interesting production, "Soldiers of the Queen," mounted and staged with that lavishness and correctness which always distinguishes anything of the like at this hall, is going as strong as ever. The variety portion of the bill is not wanting in strength. A merry and enjoyable turn is furnished by the brothers Schwarz, a pair of grotesques whose fooling is of a very funny order. An old favourite, Signorita Tortajada, is warmly welcomed, her singing and dancing is a revelation. The Allisons, described as "parterre acrobats," vary the usual order of acrobatic business, and are thoroughly appreciated. Mdlle. Caita's cats and dogs are accurately described as well trained, Will Toole is provided with a capital song, some entirely new war pictures are being shown, and many other first-rate turns are included in the programme.

DAVE

A SAFE REMEDY.

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[ADVT.]

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Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
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[ADVT.]

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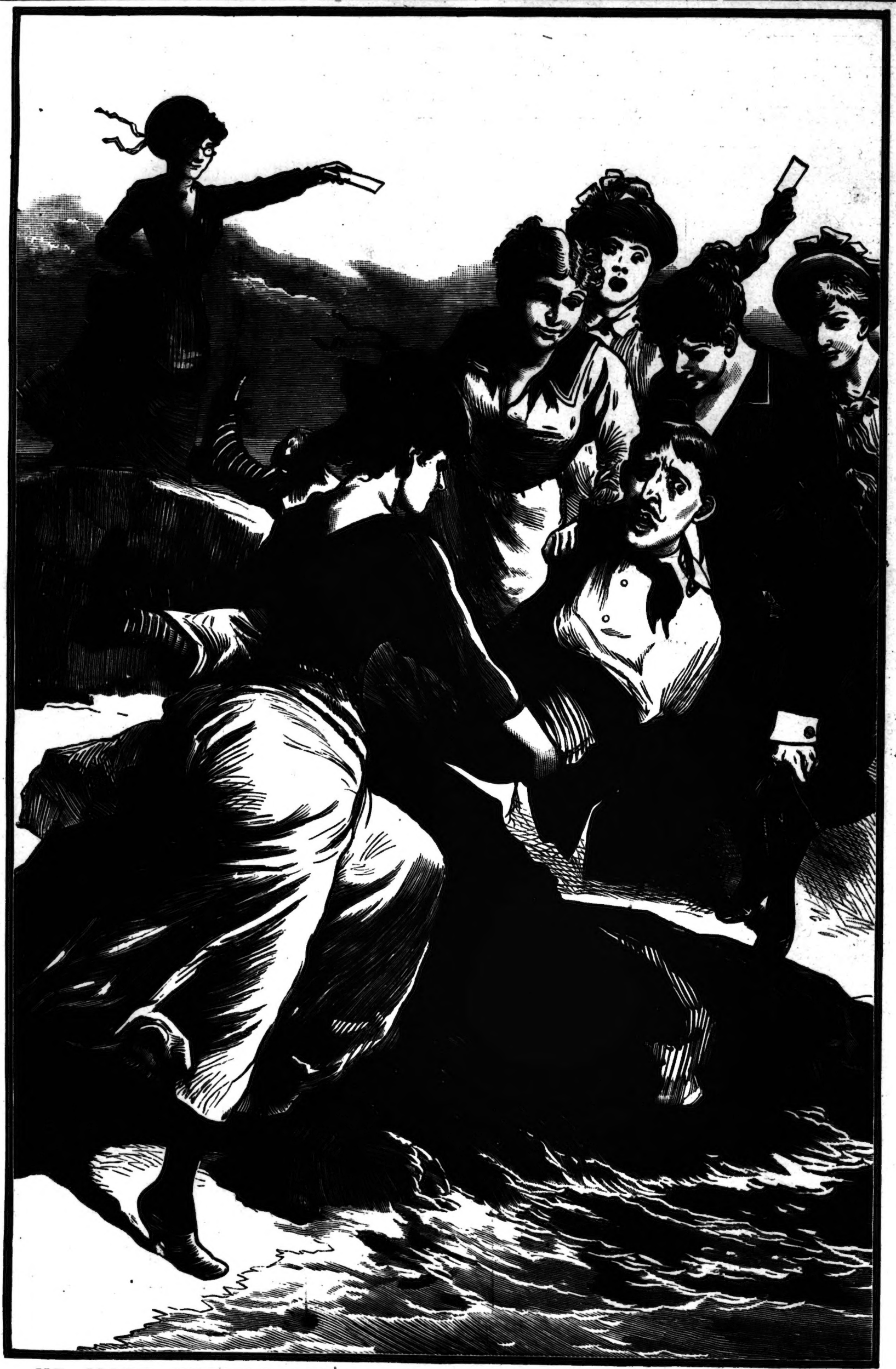

HE MADE HIMSELF SOMEWHAT OBJECTIONABLE TO THE LADIES.

The Weaker Sex were in Force, and Gave him a Ducking.

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